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Moving Picture Stories

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO PHOTO-PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Vol. X. No. 247 SEPT. 21 1917

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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO PHOTOPLAYS AND PLAYERS

Vol. X. SEPTEMBER 21, 1917. No. 247

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Published Weekly by

HARRY E. WOLFF
166 West 23d Street, New York

LU. SENARENS, Editor
Leona Radnor, Associate Editor

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

One copy, one year	$3.00
One copy, six months	1.50
One copy, three months	.75
Single copies	.06

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THE SPINDLE OF LIFE

Copyright by Universal Film Mfg. Co.

(Butterfly Film)

STORY BY SIDNEY ROBINSON *SCENARIO BY KARL R. COOLIDGE*

PRODUCED BY GEORGE COCHRANE

By GRACE OPPEN

Cast of Characters:

Gladsome	*Neva Gerber*	*"Hookey"*	*Dick La Reno*
Carter	*Ben Wilson*	*Bradshaw*	*Winter Hall*

RAP, tap-tap! Rap, tap-tap! sang out Gladsome's hammer bravely, as she sat astride old Hookey's roof-beam industriously fixing the shingles into place. And her heart sang as loudly while she worked there in the sunshine, for she had slipped away for a whole morning from the lynx eyes of her mother and the sheep's eyes of Vincent, away from the trammeling conventions of the fashionable summer colony of which she was a member, into the free, happy life of the fisher-folk she loved.

Her hair, still wet with the salt sea-water after her swim, hung down her back in a tangled mass of damp, golden curls, and her white linen dress, that morning as immaculate and crisp as only the finest of linen in the hands of the most expert of laundresses can be, hung damp and flimsy around her lithe young body.

"Guess what I've got for you!" called a deep voice down below, and Gladsome leaned over the gable to take a peep at the speaker.

Old Hookey Sanders, for thirty years a fisherman of the sea, stood below, pulling contentedly at his pipe and holding a brown-paper parcel comfortably under his arm.

Gladsome gave a little squeal of joy and climbed like a squirrel from the roof to the ground. She seized

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the parcel, darted for a few moments into a thicket of underbrush, and presently reappeared enveloped in an oilskin coat over a pair of blue overalls, and wearing an oilskin sou'wester turned rakishly back from her rosy face.

"Hurrah!" she cried, running up to the grizzled old fellow and embracing him impetuously. "Freedom at last! Freedom to run and climb and get wet, if I want to, without getting all mussed up and putting myself in line for a scolding when I got home!"

carefully up again before he replaced it in his pocket.

Gladsome laughed light-heartedly. "You'd think that watch was a present from the King of England, Hookey, the way you take care of it," she joked.

"Well, it is a present, and it's a present from a man who's a sight more powerful than the King of England is to-day. Ever hearn of Austin B. Carter?"

"Yes, of course! Everybody knows about Carter, the mining king. He's

She found herself at the police station, the center of an angry mob of fishermen and guards.

"Well, well, Miss Gladsome, you sure do make a good-looking boy!" cried the old man delightedly. "If only your ma could see you now!"

"Lucky she can't, or there'd be something doing in the Harrison household," laughed Gladsome contentedly, as she swung herself back onto the roof and recommenced her interrupted task. "Hurry up, Hookey, if you expect to finish this roof this morning! What time is it now?"

"Half-past eleven," replied Hookey, drawing a watch from his pocket, unswathing it from its covering of chamois-skin, and then wrapping it

made the biggest fortune in the shortest time that any man ever did, my dad says. You don't mean to say you know him personally, Hookey? Why, he's one of the very biggest men in the financial world, and there are plenty of men down in Wall Street who'd give years of their lives to be on speaking terms with him!"

"I've known Austin Carter," Hookey returned proudly, "ever since he was a baby in his mother's arms. Father was a seafaring man, and was lost in a bad storm off the China coast. Austin's mother died when he was just a little kid, and he was left pretty much alone in the world. Queer sort of chap—never had much to say. Stubborn as a mule, he was. Used to like to sail around in my fishin' boat with me, same as you do. Then he went away and worked his way through college, and that was the last we saw of him for a while, until he showed up five years ago, takin' his vacation here. Hadn't changed a bit—same old silent chap as ever. Left his watch with me, to remind me of the times we've been fishin' together—as though I'd need remindin'!"

"He's an old money-grubber, just the same," sang Gladsome light-heartedly, "and I'd rather have your life than his. I don't see how anybody could want to leave this coast, with the wind and the sunshine, for any dismal old Wall Street. What's the use of living, anyway, if you can't have the simple good things of life? Why, I read in the paper last week that your Austin Carter had broken down completely from overwork, and that they were having to feed him on stale whole-wheat bread and milk—a lot of good all his millions do him, at that!"

The gentle purr of a smooth-running automobile fell on their ears, and a few seconds later the machine brought up with a jerk, and two horrified faces leaned forward from the depths of the car.

"It can't be—yes, it is! Gladsome! Gladsome, how can you?" called a fashionably gowned woman. "Come here this instant and let us take you home! We've been looking everywhere for you, child!"

"Horrors! It's mother!" gasped the girl under her breath. "Won't there be a scene, though, when we get home!" But outwardly she remained calm, and gaily waved her hammer in the direction of the car before she began industriously to pound away at her task, as though determined not to be torn from it by force or suasion.

"You go and make her come, Mr. Bradshaw," laughed the lady hysterically. "As her prospective father-in-law, perhaps your authority will be more effective than mine!"

A black-browed, pallid-faced man, dressed in the extreme of fashion, stepped gingerly from the car into the

sandy road and advanced toward them, while Gladsome swung her hammer with exaggerated unconcern.

"Come right down, young lady," began Bradshaw with an exasperating smile. "You are altogether too much of a tomboy for one of your age, and altogether too fond of low company——"

"You lie!" shouted Hookey with blazing eyes. "It's low company that's she's trying to get away from when she runs away from you and your like! My hands may be rough, but they're honest, and that's more than you can say, you old whitewashed sepulcher! Maybe you think I don't read the papers out here, and maybe you think I don't know anything about the sharp tricks you think you're playing on unsuspecting widows and simple folks who trust their money to you! Get off my land, you sardine, and if you set foot on it again I'll thrash you within an inch of your life! Low company, you say! I tell you, you're not fit to associate with decent people, and now you're scheming to marry that good-for-nothing son of yours to this little girl, for the sake of her money! Get off my land, I say, or I'll knock you down, as you deserve! Low company——"

The old fellow raged and stormed so that Gladsome, to avoid trouble, went home with her mother and submitted to the storm that followed.

"You know perfectly well that you ought to be at home, resting and getting ready for your announcement dinner to-night, rather than shingling the roof of an old shack in attire that is enough to queer you with respectable people for the rest of your life!" scolded Mrs. Harrison, as they sped along the old sea-road toward the big hotel where the mother and daughter were living for the summer.

"But, I tell you, I'm not going to any announcement dinner to-night, because I'm not going to let myself be married to that old beanpole of a Vincent! What's he good for, anyway, except to play tennis and to match up his socks and ties, like the sissy he is! I'm not going to marry him, I tell you!"

"Don't talk nonsense, child!" replied her mother testily. "Go to your room now, and remain there until I send Celeste to dress you for dinner. I'll have your luncheon sent to you there. If you were a bit smaller, I'd put you to bed without any luncheon at all, like the naughty child you are!"

"Well, if I'm a naughty child, what are you trying to make a woman of me for, by marrying me to that old pie-face Vincent?" pouted Gladsome, running off to her room with burning heart and tear-blinded eyes.

By the time Jason, the butler, appeared at her door, however, with a tray laden with an array of tempting things with which her mother sought to soften her heart and mitigate her punishment, Gladsome's spirits and appetite had returned, and she ate her solitary repast with jovial good humor. Then, curling up in a great soft chair, she spent a blissful afternoon over an interesting book she had long been trying to find the time to read.

"Heigh-ho!" she yawned at length, stretching herself luxuriously as she noticed the sun gradually sinking in the western sky over the ocean. "Being a prisoner in my own room isn't half bad. It's surely better, at any rate, than parading the boardwalk with mother and her poodle, and having to serve afternoon tea afterwards to a lot of spiteful, gossiping old cats!"

But she knew that Jason would soon appear with a tray of tea, and that afterwards Celeste, the French maid, would appear to array her for the formal dinner later in the evening, when her engagement to Vincent Bradshaw was to be announced to a little selected circle of their friends.

"I won't marry him! I won't! I won't!" whispered Gladsome rebelliously to herself. But in her heart of hearts she felt that the cloud which was closing around her was inevitable, and that sooner or later she would succumb to the pressure which was being forced on her from all sides.

A sudden inspiration burst in upon her. She would run away for the evening. She would let them have their old dinner without her. She had not invited the guests, and she would leave her mother to make whatever explanations she might care to.

"At least, I guess she'll have to postpone the announcement of my engagement to that old scarecrow of a Vincent!" she reflected triumphantly as she stole softly out of her room, through the heavily carpeted halls, and down the stairs that led to the beach.

The sun was just above the horizon while, flushed and breathless, she sped along the hard, white sand near old Hookey's cottage.

"Say, boy, got a match?"

She stopped short at the words, and swung around to face the speaker, quite unembarrassed by her unfeminine attire. But hardly had she met the eyes of the man who faced her, than she began to be vaguely uncomfortable in her blue overalls, and she pulled her broad-brimmed hat nervously down over her eyes and settled it more firmly over her curly locks.

She fumbled breathlessly in her pocket for the matches, acutely conscious of the half-serious, half-amused steadiness with which the dark eyes of the man were searching her face.

She reached out the matches without a word, and he took them with a brief nod and a gruff word of thanks.

"Thank goodness, he hasn't discovered yet that I'm not a boy," said Gladsome to herself, thrilling, she knew not why, at the brief touch of his fingers, and flushing under his searching gaze.

They were strange eyes that met hers—dark and somber under their overhanging black brows, with a touch of something that might have been cynicism, and lighted for the moment with a kindly, amused irony. His blue flannel shirt was open at the chest, and his drab-colored, loose trousers were turned up at the bottom, disclosing a pair of bare feet and legs. In spite of his rough fisherman's attire, Gladsome did not quite feel that he belonged to the fisherfolk of the seaside.

"I've been clamming, and I'm going to have a clambake. Do you want to join me, boy?" The words came in a deep, sonorous voice that woke strange echoes in the girl's soul.

She nodded her head dumbly, and

watched him lay a fire of driftwood. Presently the clams were simmering and steaming in their tin pail, and he took butter and seasoning from his basket.

"I like lots of butter—same for you?" he asked briefly.

Again she nodded her head, and waited, cross-legged before the fire, for the promised feast. The sun, a red ball of fire, had sunk below the horizon, and silently, in the afterglow, the two sat on the clean white sand, listening to the wind and the lapping of the waters, while they ate their simple evening meal.

what the folks are doing at home now."

He rose and piled on more driftwood, and together they watched the first stars appear. When the rim of the moon, silver-clear, made its appearance over the blackness at the edge of the horizon, she suddenly sprang to her feet.

"I've got to go now," she breathed softly.

The man's nostrils dilated suddenly, but his face remained impassive.

"You'll come again—girl?"

"To-morrow!" she half-whispered, and was off in the darkness.

They were married by the justice of the peace in the fishing village.

Nothing in Gladsome's whole life had ever seemed so strange and so natural at once. An hour before she had not known this man. She had as yet not spoken a single word to him. And yet she seemed to have known him all her life, and a strange, tremulous sort of quiet seemed to wrap them around, and made her wish that the evening might never end with them sitting there.

"I'd rather be here than at my announcement dinner," she thought, with a quizzical smile. "I wonder

So he had guessed her sex after all! Had he known it all along, she wondered? Her cheeks burned as she ran along the beach back to her room.

At the door her mother met her.

A stormy scene followed, in which the mother upbraided her daughter with all the bitterness which those who love mete out to their loved ones when they find that the latter have thwarted and ignored them. The dinner at which she had hoped to surprise her guests by announcing her engagement to Vincent Bradshaw had turned out to be a flat failure. Moreover, Bradshaw, angered beyond endurance by the imprecations of old Hookey, had had guards stationed on the old roadway over which Hookey and his neighbors used to pass on their way to and from the beach, saying that it was his private thoroughfare, and that he had only granted them the use of it out of the goodness of his heart, and that in the future, on account of the insolence of Hookey, they would no longer be allowed the use of it. During the dinner, Bradshaw had made a nuisance of himself by harping on the theme, and already there had been some trouble between the guards and the fishermen over the matter. The whole world was in a mess, in Mrs. Harrison's opinion, and Gladsome, and Gladsome alone, was to blame for everything that was awry.

"You may go to your room at once, and you may stay there for three days without seeing any one except Jason, who will take your meals to you. I am grieved and humiliated that a daughter of mine should like to associate with such common people as these fisherfolk, and that she should leave her room, when punished, to go racing all by herself on the beach, like any lowbred hussy—and that just when I had planned an entertainment at which she was expected to be the leading light."

Gladsome took her mother's upbraidings and her sentence of imprisonment for three days without a word. She was only too glad that her mother did not ask for details of her evening's adventure; and, besides, she was still thrilling with the intensity of the stranger's last look, and the halting thickness of his last words—"You'll come again—girl?"

Next evening, just as the moon was rising over the placid ocean, a small, slender figure, clad in overalls and oilskin coat, slipped out of her room and sped like a fleeting shadow across the sands.

Would he be there waiting? she wondered.

The light in Hookey's window guided her toward the spot near which she had sat over the campfire with the stranger the evening before. She fancied that she could see a dark

shape on the sands, and her breath came quickly.

Then, unexpectedly, a loud shouting burst on her ears from the roadway near Hookey's cottage. Gladsome, feeling sure that the fishermen and the guards had gotten into a fight, and thinking that perhaps she could quell it, rushed to the spot and found that she had guessed right. She threw herself into the fray, and almost before she knew it she found rough hands grasping her wrists, and she shivered at the touch of the cold steel handcuffs which were snapped over them. In a few minutes more she found herself at the police-station, the center of an angry mob of fishermen and guards. Explanations followed, and her mother was phoned to.

Mrs. Harrison rushed to the station in an automobile and took her refractory young daughter home with her. She wept hysterically while she upbraided Gladsome for her escapade.

"To think that I should be the mother of such a daughter," she moaned. "Why, you'll have your picture in the Sunday newspapers if the reporters get hold of this, and all the scandal-mongers from Bar Harbor to Palm Beach will gloat over the choice morsel. You'll go to your room for a whole week for this, and you'll not see a single soul except the person who brings you your meals."

Behind double-locked doors, Gladsome sat half an hour later, wondering whether the stranger was still waiting for her on the beach, and trying to think of a plan for sending a message to him.

Presently she sprang up and, swinging herself out of the window, climbed like a squirrel down the trellis and to the ground. Over the sands she sped once more to the trysting-place. Had he come and gone? she wondered.

A figure sprang to meet her out of the dusk, and some one clasped both her hands, while he leaned so close that she could feel his breath on her cheek.

"You are late; I feared that you wouldn't come, after all."

"I promised, didn't I?" whispered Gladsome faintly. "I usually keep my promises."

Shoulder to shoulder, they sat before the campfire which he had kindled, and Gladsome told him all—how her mother was carried away by foolish social ambitions, and how she had planned to marry her daughter to Vincent Bradshaw, whom the girl detested.

"Will you marry me instead?" asked the stranger suddenly.

"I will," responded the girl solemnly.

So it happened that that same evening, knowing nothing of each other but they loved, which sets all lesser things at naught, they were married by the justice of the peace in the fishing village.

"I wonder what mother would think of this kind of a wedding," chuckled Gladsome. "It's pretty different, I can tell you, from the fashionable wedding that she would have planned for me!"

"It doesn't matter after this what your mother thinks. We'll live our own life and do our own planning, won't we, little sweetheart?" responded her husband, folding her in his arms.

An hour later she introduced her husband to her mother: "Mother, this is Mr. Austin B. Carter, whom I have found on the beach and married."

The good lady gasped and prepared to faint, but thought better of the matter and stretched out a welcoming hand to her new son-in-law.

"Not A. B. Carter, the mining king of Wall Street, whom we have all heard about?" she said. "I can't believe it possible."

"It's quite possible, and, moreover, it's true. Your little witch of a tomboy daughter captured my heart at first sight, and I knew she was the only woman in the world for me. I don't usually waste much time, and so we went to the justice of the peace and were married at once."

"How unconventional, but how romantic!" chirped Mrs. Harrison, divided between her amazement and her desire to be agreeable to her distinguished son-in-law. "But, after all, big men make their own conventions, don't they?"

"Yes, and so do little women sometimes, don't they, Gladsome?" he replied. And he kissed his little bride unblushingly on the cheek as he spoke.

THE GIRL WITHOUT A SOUL

(Metro Film)

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY JOHN H. COLLINS

By MONTANYE PERRY

Cast of Characters:

Unity Beaumont.....*Viola Dana* *Hiram Miller*.....*Robert Walker*
Ivor.....*Fred Jones*

THE sun, round and red, sank into a bank of gray clouds which immediately took on faint tints of pink and gold. A robin chirped drowsily in the apple-tree close to Priscilla's window. Across the fields came the low tinkle of bells as the cows came homeward, slowly. The girl, gazing at the deepening colors of the cloud-banks, smiled dreamily.

"Twilight and eventime,
And one clear call for me!"

she murmured, and fell to dreaming, while the twilight touched the hilltops and crept downward, dragging a gray veil across the valleys.

In the adjoining room another girl saw the sinking sun, heard the robin's

chirp and the tinkle of the cowbells. "Mercy! It must be after six, and supper not even begun!" she cried, springing to her feet and running briskly down the stairs. In the big, clean kitchen she started a fire to burning briskly in the well-polished range, filled the kettle and fell to paring potatoes.

"I wish Priscilla would come and set the table," she said to herself; "but there! no one can be everything, and Priscilla is a musician with a soul. Being musical and soulful is job enough for one person."

In half an hour supper was ready.

Unity nodded willing acquiescence. She looked up to her talented younger sister with almost as much pride and awe as the father did. It occurred to her no more than it did to her father that cookery and home-making were valuable arts, too, deserving of appreciation and reward.

"If we're going to the concert, you ought to help me with the dishes, Priscilla," Unity ventured to suggest after supper. "We'll be late."

"But I have to curl my hair and put the ribbons in my pink dress," protested Priscilla. "It never takes you long to get ready, Unity."

"Suppose you're not fine enough a lady to marry a blacksmith!"

Father came in and Priscilla came down, and both of them seemed to enjoy Unity's creamed potatoes and flaky biscuits, though neither of them mentioned that fact. They were too busy talking of Priscilla's prospects of becoming a world-famous violinist. Pride shone from the father's eyes as Priscilla talked of her ambitions.

"I tell you it's something to have a girl with talent and ambition!" he exclaimed, helping himself to a fourth biscuit. "You're proud of your sister, too, aren't you, Unity?"

"All right," Unity said good-naturedly. "If you're ready first, just go along with father. Hiram will stop for me."

Hiram, coming in by the kitchen door half an hour later, frowned disapproval at Unity, just wiping her hands on the roller towel.

"Just finishing your work?" he asked.

"Yes; but I'll be ready in a jiffy, so don't look so cross," she laughed.

"I'm not cross because you're late—only your sister ought to help you," he protested. "It's not fair for you to do everything. You're tired out."

"Nonsense! I'm fresh as a daisy. Priscilla has an artistic soul. She can't wash dishes. There, wait a minute and we'll be all ready."

It was very pleasant, walking down the road to the little town—lights twinkling faintly in the distance; stars looking down tenderly; daisy-faces, upturned, bordering the way like round, wide-open eyes. Hiram slipped an arm around Unity's waist.

"When are we going to get married?" he demanded softly.

"Oh, Hiram, I can't marry you! You're making a lot of money in your business. I heard father say you're going to be one of the big men of the town. I wouldn't know how to be a big man's wife. All I know is to cook and mend and keep the house clean."

His laughter cut the sweet, still air ringingly.

"Not fine lady enough for the village blacksmith! That's a good joke."

"Oh, but you're not just a blacksmith. You have lots of other irons in the fire. Father said so. And I—I've always wanted so to go to school more. If I could go to Miss Porter's school——"

She broke off, her words choked by a little, wistful sob. Hiram gazed down at her in silent amazement. Never, never had he dreamed that Unity—merry, bright, common-sense Unity—longed for anything like a fashionable finishing school. The school stood for all that was "stylish" in the little town. Girls went there who hoped to shine in the best society. Well, there was no accounting for a girl's wishes. Hiram made a silent resolve, and fell to talking of a different subject.

Breakfast in the Beaumont home was usually a dull and uninteresting occasion, but on the morning following the concert it was full of thrills. In the first place, Priscilla's longed-for opportunity seemed to have arrived. The violinist of the preceding night had noticed her eager, appreciative face, had talked to her after the concert, and had actually offered to give her lessons throughout the entire summer.

"You see, he's going to play in the orchestra out at the Valley Theater," Priscilla explained. "And he says that by fall he can put me on a big concert circuit and I'll make loads of money, and be famous in a little while; and then I can play in New York, in the Metropolitan, perhaps, or——"

"Does he play there?" Unity interrupted.

"I—I don't just know. He teaches, and—and—I don't remember exactly. But he's wonderful; and he'll do all this for me, just because he thinks I have talent."

"He didn't hear you play," Unity suggested.

"He didn't have to. He read my gift in my eyes as he played—he said so. How suspicious you are, Unity! But, anyhow, he's coming this afternoon to hear me."

The mail-carrier's whistle broke into the conversation. Unity ran to the door and came back with a square, white envelope which she gave to her father. Her eyes never left his face as he read it. It was Hiram's writing, she knew; but what was he writing to father about?

A scowl settled on the man's face as he read, and Unity's heart sank.

"Of all the nerve!" he began. "That Hiram Miller wants to send you to Miss Porter's school for a year. Says he'll pay all the bills. Suppose he thinks I want you taking his charity! Suppose you're not fine enough a lady to marry a blacksmith!"

He was rapidly working himself into a rage, but Priscilla saved the situation. Her quick mind grasped the advantages to be derived from having a sister in a fashionable boarding-school.

"Oh, let her go, father. She's going to marry Hiram, and if he wants her better educated, why not let him pay for it? Nobody 'll know it. It will be fine for her, and get both of us into better society."

"Well, there's something to that. You're a smart one, Priscilla. But you'll have to do the work here at home, out of school hours, Unity. Priscilla can't spoil her hands, you know, if she's going to be a great violinist."

"Oh, I can do that easy enough," Unity declared. Her eyes were shining with delight at this sudden realization of her ambitions.

"It'll sound fine in the daily *Star*," exulted Priscilla. "Miss Priscilla Beaumont is beginning a series of lessons under Ivor, the world-famous master. Her sister, Miss Unity, is entering Miss Porter's school for girls."

So Unity entered a new world—a world of girls whose clothes, speech and manners were as different from her own as one could imagine. It was hard, at first, to meet the amused glances that were cast at her plain gingham gowns, and hear the half-suppressed laughter that met her mistakes in speech or deportment. But the instructors soon recognized the rare quality of the girl's mind and she forged ahead rapidly, forgetting, in the joy of her work, the indifference or the rudeness of her classmates.

And all this time Priscilla lived in her dream world, which became more and more dominated by the dark eyes and full, red lips of Ivor, the musician. Every day she spent long hours with the violin, working faithfully to please the master who led her on with extravagant praise and flattery.

"A little more time and you'll be the talk of this continent," he assured her. "First New York, then, when you have triumphed here, London, Paris, Rome. And I shall be with you."

Her eyes fell before the ardor of his gaze. She was very happy—poor, foolish Priscilla. Ivor was an adventurer of the lowest type, but to her mind he represented genius, fame and fortune, and there was none to say a warning word. Unity distrusted the man from the start; but who would pay any attention to Unity, even though her teachers declared her to be their brightest student?

Autumn stretched into winter and winter slipped into spring, but Ivor stayed on in the little city, playing in the one opera-house, pretending to sacrifice a brilliant season's work in the city that he might have Priscilla ready for a brilliant début in the springtime. Then, one wonderful evening in early May, he walked with the girl up and down a lane, where the moonlight flickered through the branches to light her eyes and turn her curls to shining gold. She was athrill with the intoxication of the springtime, the moonlight, the touch of his hand on her arm, the pictures he painted of her future.

"There's only one trouble now," he sighed. "We ought to have a little money—just enough to pull off the first concert, you know. After that there would be no trouble."

"How much would it take?" she faltered.

"Oh, a couple of hundred. Couldn't your father let us have it—just as a loan?"

"A couple of hundred! Father! He never had half that much in his life, all at one time."

He frowned, thoughtfully. "Nobody you could borrow it of? That blacksmith fellow, for instance. Your sister could get it from him, couldn't she? It would only be a loan—just for a week or two. We're sure to take in at least a thousand at your first concert."

"Unity never would ask him, and he wouldn't let me have it."

His face fell, and he sighed gently. "It's only for your own sake—to make the way easier," he said gently. "You see, Priscilla, I—I thought we might be married right away if we had just a little to go on. I know I ought not to ask you; you're going to be rich and famous, and I'm just a poor beggar of a musician, who never saves a cent——"

He broke off, with a suggestion of a tremble in his voice. Priscilla's face filled with tender sympathy. She forgot everything except the fact that this handsome man, with tenderness in his voice and eyes, loved her, needed her help. She spoke impulsively.

"If I were sure it was only for a few days; but I wouldn't dare risk it." Then, as he remained sadly silent, "I know that Hiram has two hundred dollars in his desk that belongs to the church. It is the organ fund. Unity has the key. I could take the key and borrow it, and it wouldn't be missed, I am sure, before we put it back. Shall I do it?"

"I knew you were a game little girl!" he cried. "It is all right. We will replace the money before it is ever missed. You go home now. I

must make some arrangements for leaving. When they are made, I will let you know. Be ready to slip out at a moment's notice. Have the money with you. We will be married before we start. You won't fail?"

"No," she promised bravely. He kissed her then, and left her standing in the white moonlight looking after him with eyes filled with the glamor of youth and romance.

It was twelve o'clock on the following night when Unity came into her sister's room. Her eyes were red from many tears, and she was still sobbing under her breath. It had been Commencement night at the select school for young ladies, and Unity's recitation, so carefully rehearsed, had not been a success. She had chosen "The Village Blacksmith," as a compliment to Hiram, but the laughter of the girls had disconcerted her so much that she had left the stage in tears.

She stood now, looking down at the sleeping Priscilla with a little, bitter smile.

"Nobody but Hiram had time to come and see me at Commencement," she said sadly. "Nobody cares what I do! And I'm worried about Priscilla; I don't trust that man."

Rattlety-tap! then went something against the window pane. Unity crossed the room and threw up the sash. A note came through the window and fell at her feet. She read it and gave a startled exclamation. For a moment she stood, thinking deeply. Then she picked up a traveling-bag which stood on the floor, looked in, and her face turned white. A moment later she had slipped into Priscilla's long cloak, and with the bag in her hand was stealing quietly from the room toward the stairs.

An auto waited at the curve of the road. Luckily, the shadows there were very thick. The man who waited whispered exultantly: "Good girl! Got the money?" and at her nod, "Good! In here."

A whir, a flash of wheels, and the car shot down the road. Unity, with head bent low, said nothing at all, and her companion was glad to be silent, too.

On and on they went. It was almost dawn when they stopped before a roadhouse where a light came from one window. Unity followed Ivor into the house and up to a room silently. Once there, he closed the door and turned to her.

Then he grasped her roughly by the wrist.

"Good Lord!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Unity!"

"Yes," she said quietly. "I am here, and quite able to take care of myself, even with you, you scoundrel."

For a long moment he stared, as if unable to believe his eyes. Then he grasped her roughly by the wrist.

"Give me the money and I'll take you back to the edge of your town all safe and sound," he offered. "If you don't—well, you know what this night's trip will do to your reputation."

"I'm not worried. I have saved my little sister," she retorted calmly, starting for the stairs.

He darted after her and she ran, easily eluding him. Not for nothing were her years of healthy, country living. She was as light and fleet as a deer and she soon outdistanced Ivor. Just ahead of her gleamed a light, and she could hear a train grinding to a stop. Fortune, fate, Providence—call it what you will—had favored the girl. A train was just stopping at a station. She climbed aboard, and a moment later, to her great relief, found that the train would reach her home town by eight o'clock.

The little clock in Priscilla's room struck nine. She stirred, yawned, turned on her pillow and sat up in bed. "How quiet it is," she thought, and began dressing slowly. From outside a voice floated up to her, an excited, high-pitched voice.

"Yessir! Hiram Miller's arrested for not being able to produce the church money this morning when they wanted to pay it over; and Unity Beaumont's just got home from some wild-goose chase, and she rushed off down there like a wild woman, they say. Come on, we'll miss all the fun."

Like a flash it all came back to Priscilla—how she had taken the money, packed her bag, waited for the signal which she had decided would not come that night, and fallen asleep. What did it all mean, this talk of Hiram arrested and Unity running off like mad to help him?

Unity in trouble through her! Suddenly some long-buried nobleness of character sprang to life in Priscilla's soul. Like a flash she was down the stairs, running toward the old hall where court was always held.

In the courtroom Priscilla faced the justice bravely. "I didn't take it myself, but I won't tell who did," she persisted stoutly.

"But you'll have to. I'll fine you for contempt of court," he returned, trying hard to be stern with the girl he had known from her babyhood.

"But I won't, I won't! I can't—not if I go to prison," she strenuously insisted.

"Then I shall be obliged——" began the justice. But what he would have been obliged to do, no one ever knew. There was a little stir beside the door, a slight form flying across the room, a girl clinging to Unity, sobbing out, "I took the money. I took it. Unity isn't to blame."

"Little sister!" sobbed Unity—and then, somehow, the whole roomful of people were wiping their eyes and blowing their noses and pretending to laugh.

"This court is dismissed," announced the justice. "Here's the money. Is anybody dissatisfied?"

Nobody was, and court adjourned—a little informal, it is true, but one girl had learned a lesson, two hearts were made happy, the church organ was bought and played a wedding march later for Hiram and Unity.

THE PULLMAN MYSTERY

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(Gold Seal Film)

SCENARIO BY JACK CUNNINGHAM *PRODUCED BY CHARLES SWICKARD*

By MARIE COOLIDGE RASK

Cast of Characters:

Nica Reskin.....*Molly Malone* *Drake Dunn*.....*Hayward Mack*
Lucille Crallen.....*Jessie Sedgwick* *Paul Dustin*.....*Larry Payton*

TO Nica Reskin the fact that she was only a stenographer in the office of Robert Cheney, head of the Cheney Mills and central figure around whom labor troubles perpetually fomented, lost some of its bitterness when the young office manager, Drake Dunn, paid court to her with as much deference as if she had been one of his own world.

As a matter of fact, Dunn was not so many worlds beyond Nica as she imagined. From the time he had graduated from a business college and entered upon a career as messenger in a broker's office, Drake Dunn had copied the dress, manners and conversation of his employers. The result shows him, at the beginning of this story, a young man of excellent taste in haberdashery, with the poise and accent of a university valedictorian, and an executive ability which made him invaluable as an efficiency manager. But for all that, he was underpaid, and he knew it. His determination to marry Nica Reskin impelled him to look for a better salaried position. So he wrote to Thomas E. Crallen, the great Western kelp magnate.

Crallen had often met Dunn in Cheney's office and knew his value. He also knew just how much money was paid him by Cheney in return for the value received. To secure the best market products at the lowest possible price is a cardinal virtue of the business world. Between the true valuation of Dunn's services and the amount of the stipend he received, the great kelp magnate arrived at a mean conclusion, split the difference and made the young man an offer.

Dunn promptly wrote his acceptance and tendered his resignation to the president of the Cheney Mills Corporation. Nica, alert, eager, just ready to leave the office, heard the conversation which passed between the two.

"I've always wanted to go West and I'm thinking of taking a wife with me," Dunn explained to Cheney. He cast a quick glance in the direction of Nica, who blushed and dimpled.

"Oh, very well," Cheney remarked unsympathetically. "Tell Dustin I want to see him the first thing tomorrow morning. He may be able to look after things temporarily, with some assistance, until business picks up a little. Was there anything more you wanted to see me about?"

Drake said there was not. Cheney turned to the telephone. The interview ended. At the elevator Drake joined Nica, who had preceded him from Cheney's office.

"I want you to come to dinner with me," Dunn said, smiling down into the dark brown eyes of the girl. "Afterwards we can talk over the little matter I just mentioned to Cheney."

In a quiet restaurant, popular because of its music and the excellence of its cuisine, two young men sat, more intent upon discussing the problems presented by capital and labor than in eating the viands set before them. One, a tall, thin-faced fellow with the dark, burning eyes of a fanatic, did most of the talking. The other was of athletic build, blond, calm and deliberate of speech.

"I can't just see your point, Kilrain," the latter observed, raising his hand slightly to stay the other man's impetuous reiteration of the arguments he had just been outlining. "I understand what you are driving at. You need not go over it again. But what I mean is, I can't look at the matter from your viewpoint. I don't believe in violence. This society you've organized may be all right as an anti-capitalist faction if it doesn't go too far. In my opinion you stand a better chance of success if you take time to formulate your plans, and then stick to them, no matter how long it takes to carry them through. I stand in pretty well with old man Cheney just now. It may be I can

lead him along the very way you want. It can't be done in a hurry, though. That reminds me, I've been doing a little special investigating for him lately, and I ought to go up to his house to-night and give him my report. There's something he must know about. I'll go down to the meeting with you first, though. Cheney won't be home until late."

The speaker, who had been busy carving a steak as he talked, raised his eyes and was surprised to find that his excitable companion had not been listening. Instead, the young man addressed as Kilrain was gazing with evident jealous rage toward a young couple just seating themselves at a nearby table. The man was Drake Dunn, Cheney's office manager.

Almost at the same instant the young woman who accompanied Drake turned her head in their direction. Her face flushed, then paled, as she encountered Kilrain's gaze. She bowed and spoke a few words to her escort. Drake turned and bowed also. Kilrain barely acknowledged the greeting.

"What's the matter? Who is the girl?" queried his companion, knife and fork still hovering over the steak.

"Miss Reskin, Cheney's stenographer. Haven't you met her? Come over; I'll introduce you."

The tone in which Kilrain spoke and the dark look in his sallow face betokened no pleasure, however, in this unexpected meeting. He rose and crossed to where Drake and Nica were seated, his blond companion following.

"Miss Reskin, allow me to introduce my friend Paul Dustin," said Kilrain, when they drew near. His eyes burned like live coals. Nica averted her gaze and smiled upon Dustin. Later Nica breathed a sigh of relief as she watched them depart.

"Jean Kilrain is terrible when he is excited about anything," she observed to Dunn. "He frightens me sometimes. Yesterday he came to the house while I was transplanting some flowers out in the yard and took me to task so severely for accepting attentions from you that mother came out and ordered him to leave."

"What did he say?" asked Drake.

"Oh, he was furious. 'Nica is going to marry me,' he declared."

"And what did your mother say?"

"'Nica is not going to marry you. Nica, come into the house.'"

Drake laughed. "Kilrain is certainly a fanatic on the subject of anti-capitalism," he remarked. "Personally, I don't think he is quite normal. It wouldn't surprise me any day if he became involved in crime."

"That's what I am afraid of," Nica replied. "I am afraid that he might kill you." She blushed, realizing that she had said more than she had intended to. Drake was elated.

"Would you care?" he whispered. "Well, Kilrain is not going to get me just yet. You and I are going to be married and go West." Then he told her about the new position which had been offered him. A page crossed the floor of the restaurant calling his name. Dunn signaled the boy and a telegram was handed him. It was from Crallen, apparently in reference to a previous letter which Drake had failed to receive. It stated that imperative business reasons made it necessary for Mr. Dunn to assume his new duties with the Kelp Company immediately. If he failed to report on the date specified the position would be filled by some one else.

"But that is only day after tomorrow," gasped Nica.

Drake was doing some quick thinking. "If we could catch the Limited to-night," he remarked reflectively, "I could make it all right."

"No-night!" Nica's eyes grew large.

Drake laughed gaily. "That's what I said," he replied. "Hurry and eat your dinner. We'll need every minute if we catch that train."

The labor meeting to which Dustin accompanied Kilrain developed into an anarchistic mob, intent upon blowing up the Cheney mills. Never before had Dustin seen his new friend in such a frenzy as Kilrain worked himself into at that meeting.

"Down with capitalism! Give labor a chance!" he exclaimed. "Follow me, men! Kill the murderers who take the bread out of your children's mouths! Burn them—defy them——"

Strong hands drew him back and tried to restrain him, but he fought them off. Dustin, realizing that serious trouble was imminent, mounted the rostrum and attempted to make himself heard. A few of the men listened to reason, but a goodly number of turbulent and ignorant workmen rushed off after Kilrain. Hoping that they would not carry out their intentions, and regretting that he had let himself be persuaded into attending the meeting, Dustin started for Cheney's residence.

"I think I'd better tell him about that secret society of Kilrain's," he mused as he sat, half an hour later, in Cheney's library, awaiting the return of the capitalist. "I wonder if I hadn't better typewrite the statement?"

A small typewriter stood on a table near a window. Crossing to it, Dustin seated himself and had written, perhaps, half a page of the incendiary remarks which he had heard Kilrain make and which, in preparedness for any future court proceeding, he wished to quote accurately, when suddenly a hand reached over his shoulder and tore the paper from the machine.

"Damn you! So that's the kind of stuff you are the author of, is it?" exclaimed Cheney's voice. "I've been wondering whether you were all that you represented yourself to be. So it's you, is it, who has been surreptitiously inciting my employees to riot! Get out of my house!"

Dustin sprang to his feet and faced his employer. His blond countenance crimsoned with indignation at being so misjudged. His calm blue eyes looked dark and threatening. The lion in him had awakened. All the arguments he had ever heard against Cheney flashed through his mind.

"Give me that paper!" Dustin fairly hissed the words.

The older man drew back the hand which clutched the incriminating paper and with the other attempted to grasp the collar of Dustin's coat. Then the two grappled. Was it the breeze which moved the draperies of

the long French window or was it the cautious hands of a hidden spectator of the struggle between capital and labor which for the next few minutes raged about that luxurious room? Neither of the contestants noticed. Over and over they rolled, not ill matched and both strong men. Mrs. Cheney and the butler rushed to the rescue.

"Telephone for the police. Get the pistol out of the table drawer!" gasped Cheney.

As Mrs. Cheney and the butler attempted to carry out Cheney's orders a sudden renewal of attack on the part of Dustin brought the two over against the undulating draperies at the window. There was the flash of steel, followed by a long, choking moan from Cheney as he slipped down heavily in Dustin's arms. In vain the younger man tried to support him. Dustin's hands felt wet. He looked at them. They were stained with blood.

"He is wounded—dying, I am afraid," he exclaimed involuntarily, as Mrs. Cheney and the butler both ran forward.

For once the deliberate, calculating mind of Paul Dustin worked with lightning-like rapidity. He had been misjudged by Cheney as an anarchist, now he would be arrested as a murderer. With a bound Dustin reached the stand where Mrs. Cheney, in her excitement, had placed the revolver when she ran to her dying husband's side. Another instant and the weapon was in his hand. With it he covered the two as he backed slowly toward the window—that window with the long velvet draperies which undulated slowly in the summer breeze.

Mrs. Cheney watched him with a face of abject terror. The butler made a slight movement as if he intended to retaliate.

"One step and I'll shoot," muttered Dustin. He had not meant to say the words. They came involuntarily. His voice sounded harsh and rasping. One more step, a quick move and he was through the window. Again the draperies swung to and fro in the breeze. What a pity that one of them should have such a peculiar rent in the midst of its beautifully embroidered pattern! Weeks later a skilled needlewoman repaired it and wondered how it occurred.

The Overland Limited puffed its way out from the main station and off into the night. It was a long train and crowded. The Pullman conductor and a porter compared notes.

"Did yo' see de bride and groom, boss?" queried the latter, smiling broadly.

The conductor nodded. "I thought it was an elopement," he observed, "until the old lady arrived to bid them good-by. I guess it was rather a hurried affair. They had summoned her by telephone."

The porter grinned. "The young missus is sutinly some looker," he opined, then added suddenly: "Dey's a sick gentleman in stateroom No. 12. Ah didn't see him come on board. He had a gentleman friend with him, accord both men went toward the forward cars.

"Every night this week we've lost time getting through these railroad yards," exclaimed the train conductor impatiently, as the other two overtook him in the smoker.

To Paul Dustin, running wildly from the Cheney residence in a frantic attempt to elude his pursuers, the sight of the Overland Limited crawling slowly through the railroad yards was a beacon of hope. True, it was not crawling when he reached it, but he was able, by taking desperate chances, to pull himself aboard the tourist platform of the observation car at the rear of the train. Not even a brakeman witnessed his hairbreadth escape from death nor knew that an extra passenger had boarded the train. For a moment Paul felt

"I'm thinking of taking a wife with me," Dunn explained to Cheney.

an' he gib me de sick gentleman's ticket an' done tole me he wasn't to be disturbed nor nothin'."

"Very well," answered the conductor, taking the ticket in question. "Better slip it under his door."

The train, which had been steadily getting under way, now suddenly commenced to slow down. With one dizzy and weak. He wanted to throw himself into one of the easy-chairs of the observation car and collect his thoughts, but there was no time. Some one might come through the car at any moment.

Proceeding cautiously toward the next car, a Pullman, Paul had just time to reach it when the returning

porter entered from the opposite door. Paul drew close to the wall and his hand came unexpectedly in contact with the knob of a stateroom door.

As his fingers closed over it, it yielded to his touch and opened. Quickly stepping inside, he closed the door and locked it. The room was dark. Paul waited with bated breath. There was no sound. He took a step forward, and the next moment found himself precipitated onto the berth. He stretched forth his hand and turned on the electric light. Then he knew what it was that had tripped him. On the floor, just in front of the door, lay the inert, huddled figure of a man. Beside the outstretched arm and stark fingers was a revolver. Blood poured slowly from a wound in the man's temple. Close to the door, as if it had been shoved through the crack, was a tiny slip of paper, the conductor's receipt for the man's ticket. For the second time that evening Paul Dustin was face to face with death.

For some moments he sat there wondering what to do. His own predicament grew more serious every minute. Paul was not at heart a cruel nor mercenary man, but he was a cool thinker and clear in reasoning out details. With almost judicial mind he set about arranging the jumble of facts which confronted him.

His own life was in danger. The man before him was dead, apparently by his own hand. Doubtless he wished to remain unknown. Therefore, it could not possibly be contrary to his wishes to dispose of his body secretly. Would it be possible to do so? Paul remembered that the railroad crossed a high bridge over a deep and turbulent stream not far from the next city. If he were to act he must do so quickly. Forcing back his repugnance for what he was about to do, Paul knelt beside the dead man and commenced methodically to go over the papers contained in the stranger's pockets and valises.

Post—that was the man's name. And he was a consumptive. Here was the doctor's letter telling him he had but a few months to live. And here was a letter from a friend—a prominent club man—advising him to go West, promising to personally accompany him to the train and enclosing a letter of introduction to Thomas E. Crallen & Co., of Los Angeles. One by one Paul read the letters and placed them in a little pile beside him. Ah, here was something else—a packet of letters written in a woman's hand, a tiny miniature, a lock of golden hair and a faded rose. Across the paper folded about the rose was written in the same feminine hand, "Elsie — all for her — 1896," and below it, in a man's hand, the story of love's despair contained in the simple entry: "1900—All withered—except the thorn."

"Poor beggar!" muttered Paul, as he replaced the little love tokens in the dead man's hand. "He's better off." With care and tenderness he next proceeded to exchange his own clothing for that of the dead man. "Henceforth my name is Post," he reflected, as he surveyed himself in the mirror. "I am tubercular, and I am going out to Thomas E. Crallen for a job in the hope of regaining my health." Then he turned out the light and sat down by the window to watch for the bridge which he knew must now be close at hand. When morning dawned no trace of tragedy was visible in stateroom No. 12.

The effect of Thomas E. Crallen's foresight in securing Drake Dunn as efficiency manager for his company was quickly manifest. The great kelp magnate was pleased. He made much of Dunn and invited him to his home. There, for the first time, Drake questioned the wisdom of his impulsive act in marrying Nica Reskin. For Thomas E. Crallen had a daughter, Lucille, as beautiful as she was cultured and fascinating. Moreover, she was an only child, heiress to all of the Crallen millions. The more he thought of the irony of fate which had so bound him before throwing Lucille in his way, the more Drake Dunn resolved to break his shackles and start anew.

It was about this time that Nica, who had been very happy ever since her hasty marriage that summer night when she and Drake had rushed from court officer to justice, and from justice to clergyman, and from clergyman to train, received a long, newsy letter from her mother.

"Jean Kilrain was here last week," Mrs. Reskin wrote. "He was determined to know where you were living, but I did not tell him. I was afraid he might go out there and make trouble. By the way, did I tell you that the body of young Dustin was found some days ago in the river? Identification was impossible except for the clothes and the revolver which he had carried from the Cheney residence the night of the murder."

Nica read the letter several times. That evening Drake dined at the Crallen home and was introduced to a young man from the East.

"Mr. Post came out with a letter from one of my old friends," explained Crallen, as he presented the young man. He thinks California is a good place to build up his health."

Dunn mentally tried to recall who it was that Mr. Post reminded him of, but gave up the attempt and turned his attention to Lucille. But Lucille Crallen was not a girl to fall a prey to the fascinations of a married man. All her favors were bestowed upon the newcomer. As a matter of fact, the heiress frankly admitted to herself that she liked Mr. Post immensely. Apparently, Mr. Post was equally attracted toward her. The two looked well together. Even old man Crallen was not blind to that fact.

Nica, disappointed at receiving her husband's message saying he would not be home for dinner, had dined alone and eaten little. She was lonely and for the first time a trifle homesick. To her surprise, a caller was announced. It was Jean Kilrain. At first Nica was frightened.

"How did you know I was here?" she asked at length, after greeting her unexpected guest.

"One of the girls in Cheney's office told me."

"And you came to California——" Nica commenced.

"Just to make sure that you were happy."

"Oh! Well, you see that I am."

After that the conversation drifted along upon topics of mutual interest until Drake's return. His first im-

pulse of anger at finding Jean there changed to relief at the way of escape suggested. Perhaps, if he managed well, he might be able to procure a divorce from Nica and so be free to marry the Crallen millions. The idea took sudden possession of him. The very next day he secured a position for Jean in the Crallen industries, and the first person Jean Kilrain came face to face with was Post.

"Why, hello, Dustin," Jean exclaimed involuntarily, then subsided suddenly in response to a look of warning from the other. Later in the day, however, Dunn noticed the two in earnest conversation, and the fact impressed him unfavorably. It seemed odd that two men, previously unacquainted, should so suddenly be on such terms of intimacy.

"I'd like Nica to see that fellow Post," he reflected. "She has a better memory for faces than I have."

As soon as he could arrange it, Dunn contrived to have Nica get a look at the young man he knew as Post. "Who is that fellow, Nica?" he asked. "He's about the works a good deal lately."

Nica looked. "Of all things! It's Paul Dustin!" she exclaimed. "I thought he was dead. Why, I should think you would have known him instantly. I never saw him but once—that time in the restaurant; don't you remember?"

Dunn remembered the incident perfectly. That evening he adroitly sowed seeds of suspicion in the mind of his employer against the young man from the East. "In my opinion he is misrepresenting himself and is really Paul Dustin, the man accused of the Cheney murder," he declared.

"Impossible!" the kelp magnate exclaimed.

"I'll never believe it—never," stormed Lucille, furiously indignant.

"We'll have the matter investigated," said her father soothingly, as he and Drake started out in quest of the district-attorney. On the way Drake concluded it would be wise to get a few more facts regarding Paul and Jean from Nica. Explaining this to Crallen, the two separated, agreeing to meet later at the club.

Jean, in the meantime, was again wrestling with his unrequited love for Nica. A joking remark heard in the offices had made him suddenly sense Dunn's aspirations toward Crallen's daughter. In a fury he presented himself before Nica, and raged more violently than ever when he found her in tears because of her husband's neglect.

"I'll kill Dunn," he declared. "I'll kill him as I did——" He rushed from the house, muttering incoherently.

Fortunately, Drake was not in the office. Paul, otherwise Mr. Post, was there, however, giving supervision to the night mail. To him Jean unburdened himself.

"It's got to end," he kept repeating. "I tell you I can't endure her unhappiness. My head hurts. I shall go mad if I don't kill him." Before Paul could prevent him, he was gone.

"He is mad already," exclaimed Paul aloud, as he grasped his hat and rushed in pursuit of the dangerous fanatic. "I'll try and beat him to Crallen's house."

No one was home but Lucille. Tearfully she told him of all that had occurred. She begged to know if it was true. "Are you Mr. Post or Mr. Dustin?" she pleaded.

"Dustin," Paul repeated, almost in a whisper. "But before God, Lucille—forgive me for calling you by your name, but you must know that I love you—as God is my witness, I never killed any one. Some one must have stabbed Cheney from behind those curtains," and he told her in detail the story of that midnight struggle in the millman's library. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, remembering that while he wasted precious minutes in conversation Jean might already have carried out his mad plan of slaying Dunn. "I hurried here, hoping to find Dunn first and warn him," Paul explained to Lucille.

"He and father went out together," she replied. "I think he went to his home. Quick! I'll order the car. We can reach there in five minutes." Lucille Crallen was as quick to think and act as was her father She, herself, drove the car, which broke all speed laws to reach Drake Dunn's address.

Breathlessly, Paul and Lucille ran

"Nica is not going to marry you. Nica, come into the house."

down the long avenue of flowers and into the house. Simultaneously a shot rang out, followed by a woman's scream.

"Too late—too late!" moaned Lucille, stumbling as she ran.

"Stay back!" ordered Paul; but she did not hear him. Together they came upon the scene. Drake, only slightly wounded, was partially supported in Nica's arms. Kilrain, still brandishing his smoking revolver, was preparing to shoot again when Paul leaped upon him and bore him to the floor. With maniacal fury Jean clung to the weapon and turned it against himself. Before Paul could disarm him he had fired.

"I told you I'd do it!" he screamed. "I said I would kill Drake as I killed Cheney—only I used a dagger for him. He was a pig! They never suspected me; but if they'd examined those long window curtains they'd have found the slit the knife made—and—maybe—if they'd searched the garden — they'd have found — me. That's where—I lost—the knife." A burst of mocking laughter followed. "Down with capitalism!" he cried, despite the pallor which was fast spreading over his face. "And to hell with men who break women's hearts!" With a shaking hand he pointed toward Drake. Nica reeled and would have swooned had her husband not nerved himself to press her closely to his side.

"Will you forgive me, darling?" he whispered. "I realize now how much I love you."

Nica pressed her lips to his in reply.

From the doorway Lucille, with tear-filled eyes, gazed in horror at the now lifeless form of Jean Kilrain.

"He wasn't responsible for his crime," she whispered falteringly as Paul crossed to her side, "but we owe him a debt of gratitude, for by his death he has solved the mystery and set you free."

"To marry you," supplemented Paul as he clasped her in his arms.

THE RIGHT MAN

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(Star Featurette Film)

STORY BY E. M. McCALL

SCENARIO BY WM. PARKER

PRODUCED BY HENRY McRAE

By A. F. HILL

Cast of Characters:

Morgan Green.....*J. Warren Kerrigan*
Frank Case.....*E. N. Wallack*
Lillian Manley.....*Edith Johnson*
Fred Rose.....*Charles Cummings*

LILLIAN MANLEY, daughter of the president of the local bank, was the prettiest girl in Shepley Falls. There was not a person in the village who would not tell you that both Frank Case, the cashier of the bank, and Morgan Green, the bank's teller, were both head over heels in love with her.

Lillian spent almost as much time with one of the young men as she did with the other. So far as they could see, she did not favor one more than the other. If Lillian spent the evening with the one young man, she spent part of the next afternoon with the other. No one could tell which of the two young men she liked the better.

But Lillian knew all the time which of her suitors she preferred, and Morgan Green secretly hoped that it was he, while Frank Case secretly feared that it was his rival. Not that Lillian had ever given an absolute affirmative sign as to her preference, but Morgan sensed that she preferred him, while Frank noticed many little things which would have escaped the attention of any one but a jealous suitor. For instance, Frank noticed that when Lillian came into the bank each morning, while she always greeted him very sweetly, she always lingered at Morgan's desk for a little whispered tête-à-tête. A few more such little signs as these indicative of Lillian's preference soon put Frank on his mettle, and he began to press his suit most vigorously. Morgan, becoming alarmed at Frank's aggressiveness, likewise became more ardent, and soon Lillian was confronted with the necessity of making a choice between the two young men. Morgan proved to be the lucky suitor, and together Lillian and he went to Edward Manley, Lillian's father, to ask his consent to their marriage.

Now Edward Manley had risen from a very poor boy to be the president of a bank largely because of the fact that he had a very wise head on his shoulders. He had no particular objection to Morgan Green as a husband for his daughter, but neither had he any desire to part with his daughter for a long time to come. He was a widower; his daughter presided over his household, and in many ways was indispensable to his comfort. Accordingly, Mr. Manley set his wise head to working for his own protection, and cheerfully congratulated the young people on their mutual affection, while at the same time urging upon them the necessity for going slowly and waiting for Morgan to get promoted to a better position. Of course, the idea of delay was anything but attractive to the lovers; but when a gentleman has behaved so very decently as Edward Manley, what else can one do than show some deference to his wishes? Therefore, the young people agreed to wait a while, and Lillian's father had occasion to once more congratulate himself on the tact

which had won so many good things in life for him.

With Mr. Manley's permission the news of the engagement of Morgan Green to his daughter was spread broadcast throughout Shepley Falls, and of the many who came to congratulate the engaged pair, no one did so more heartily or more gracefully than did Frank.

Case was a young man of the strongest determination, and it was characteristic of him that he never acknowledged himself beaten in a contest until long after everybody else had dismissed the contest from their minds. When he learned of Morgan's engagement to Lillian he did not even then give up hope.

"He hasn't married her yet," he muttered between his clenched teeth, "and he won't, if I can help it," he added.

Frank now set to work to think out some way of preventing the marriage of Lillian and Morgan. He was ordinarily a man of sound principles, and was possessed of a normal sense of fair play; but the more he thought of the engagement of Lillian and Morgan the more the old phrase, "All's fair in love and war," kept running through his mind, until at last he was prepared to perpetrate any meanness in order to break that engagement.

Several weeks passed during which Frank never lost sight of his idea, but during which he found no chance to injure Morgan. Then one day a package of bills designed for the pay-roll of a large factory in the town was brought into the bank and deposited with Morgan. He entered the deposit in the factory messenger's book and, after counting the money, tossed it on a counter. Then he went out to lunch, leaving the money on the counter. Frank saw him go out, and at the same time saw the package of money in his cage. Glancing hastily but cautiously about, Frank stole into Morgan's cage, picked up the package of money, and shoved it under his coat. Then he put Morgan's knife where the package of money had been and quickly stepped out of Morgan's cage. Frank next stole into a small wash-room and secreted the money about his clothing. A few minutes later he left the bank to go to his own lunch, taking care to direct the attention of several persons to his departure. Once out of the bank, he hastily retired to the outskirts of the town, where he carefully buried the money in the earth. Then he hurried home to his boarding-place for lunch, arriving only a few minutes later than his usual time. At lunch he was his usual care-free, unconcerned self, and there was not the slightest thing in his manner to indicate that he was laboring under the least excitement.

On his return to the bank Morgan was immediately occupied in receiving deposits, and in the hurry of the moment quite forgot the large deposit. When Frank returned, one glance sufficed to show him that Morgan had not yet discovered the loss of the money. Frank knew that by the time the loss was discovered he himself would be free from suspicion.

Shortly before three o'clock the clerks came for Morgan's receipts; it was then discovered that there was a large discrepancy between the amount of the deposit slips and the cash on hand. On a further investigation, it was shown that the amount of cash missing just equalled the amount of cash appearing upon the factory deposit slip. The clerk in charge of putting the money into the vaults came to Morgan and demanded from him the missing amount. Both astonished and alarmed, Morgan insisted that he had turned over every penny that he had taken in that day. The reply he naturally received was, "Well, if you did, where is this missing money?" Morgan searched high and low in every nook and cranny, but of course without success. Meanwhile a crowd of clerks stood about, some with pity written on their faces, others openly sneering. Then some one sent for the president, and he came, the picture of wrath and outraged dignity, and demanded that Morgan "Stop his nonsense and produce the money instantly, under pain of immediate arrest."

In vain Morgan protested that he had not taken the money, and one by one the clerks were called and questioned. One said that he had seen Morgan receive the factory money, another said he had seen Morgan place the money on the counter behind him, and another spoke of see-

She always lingered at Morgan's desk for a little whispered tete-a-tete.

ing Morgan's knife lying where the package of money had been, after the money had disappeared, but no one said that he saw Frank take the money.

At the end of his brief inquiry Mr. Manley called in the police, and a few minutes later Morgan was lodged in a cell charged with grand larceny. Then the detectives for the National Banking Society were called in and built up a seemingly perfect case against the accused man. First, they pointed out that he had received the money; secondly, that no one had been seen to enter his cage during the time that he was at lunch, and, thirdly, that on his return from lunch he had not reported the money as missing. It was plain, they said, that he must have carried the money out of the bank when he went to lunch and passed it to a confederate, who had made way with it. This contention was supported by the fact that not one person had left the bank from the time that Morgan returned from lunch until the time the loss was discovered. Therefore no one could have taken it out of the bank except him.

One of the first visitors that Morgan had after being locked in a cell was Lillian. Not for one moment had the girl believed the charge against her lover, and after a brief interview she would have staked her life on his innocence. Her visit cheered him wonderfully, and roused him from his grief long enough to tell for the first time a connected story as to just what he had done after receiving the factory deposit. Promptly Lillian's woman's intuition told her that some one must have removed the money while Morgan was at lunch. She told Morgan of her suspicions, and assured him that she would have every man in the bank watched. Then she left him with the promise that she would induce her father to withdraw the charge so that he might have his freedom to devote to the apprehension of the real criminal.

Lillian sought her father and pleaded with him. So soon as it dawned on him just what his daughter was driving at Mr. Manley became more angry than she had ever seen him before.

"What!" he cried, "withdraw the charge against a man who deliberately robbed the bank without caring the least what effect it would have! Do you realize that his act might have precipitated a run on the bank that would have ruined us all? No, indeed! It is a sacred duty which I owe to all our depositors to make an example of any thief we catch taking liberties with the bank's funds, and I shall certainly do my utmost to send that young scoundrel to State's prison for a long term."

"But, father, there is no absolute proof that Morgan took the money. You may be doing him a very great injustice. You may be recklessly blasting a human life. If he wanted to steal, did he not have ample opportunity to do so long before this? Is it likely that he would rob the father of the girl he was engaged to marry?"

"Don't talk to me," responded Mr. Manley. "A natural-born thief will stop at nothing. A thief has no scruples. A thief would not only rob his fiancée's father, he would rob his own father or mother."

In this wise Mr. Manley raved and stormed for over an hour, but Lillian came back at him with an argument as strong as any he gave, and bit by bit he began to weaken and listen to her. Some one has said that "No one is so eloquent as a woman in love." Certainly this saying turned out to be true in the case of Lillian, for she won her father over and obtained his sacred promise that he would withdraw the charge against her lover.

The next morning, before she would let him go to the bank, Lillian insisted that he call on his friend the local magistrate and withdraw the charge against Morgan. This proposition did not appear nearly as attractive by the cold light of morning as Lillian had made it appear the night before, but she was insistent, and he had given his promise, so there was no way of escape.

The magistrate cheerfully signed a warrant for Morgan's discharge, which Lillian brought to the jail warden with her own hands.

When he was told that he was free to go, Morgan could scarcely believe his jailer. It was not until he entered the warden's office and clasped Lillian in his arms that he realized he was not the victim of a cruel joke.

On leaving the jail, Lillian and Morgan walked out beyond the village for a good talk. The result of their consultation was the decision that it would be better for Morgan to leave town until the truth concerning the missing money came out, as they were both sure that it would sooner or later. Lillian pointed out that no one would give Morgan employment while he remained under a cloud, and that his life would be made a daily misery to him so long as he remained in Shepley Falls. Very reluctantly, for he hated the thought of being separated from the girl he loved, Morgan was obliged to acquiesce in this decision. So he went back to his old boarding-place, packed up his things, and set out for a ranch town some fifty miles away.

The release of Morgan and his disappearance from town proved to be the usual nine days' wonder, and after the end of that period people forgot him as completely as though he had never lived in the town. Now that the coast was clear, and Lillian's engagement broken, Frank Case took steps to ingratiate himself with her father and to renew his courtship. Fortune seemed to favor Frank prodigiously, for he gained the favor of Lillian's father to an extent which exceeded his fondest hopes. With Lillian, too, he appeared to make good progress, and he never once regretted the act which had removed his rival from his path. Then one day an event happened which made it possible to accomplish all he desired. The State Banking Department notified Mr. Manley that unless he increased his capital reserve by at least one hundred thousand dollars, he would have to suspend business. Mr. Manley was desperate, as it was an exceedingly bad time to borrow money, and he could not manage to get together more than fifty thousand dollars. Where he was to get the other fifty thousand dollars required by the Banking Department he did not know, and he was convinced that he would have to close his bank. Then Frank Case came to the rescue. He still had the money which Morgan had been ac-

cused of stealing. This money amounted to just fifty thousand dollars. Frank went to Mr. Manley and told him that he had some money left him by his father, to which he had added from his savings for ten years or more. He said that his little fortune amounted to just fifty thousand dollars, and that he would lend it to the bank. Mr. Manley was delighted, and promptly accepted the generous offer. The next day he notified the Banking Department that he had the necessary capital reserve, and for the first time in weeks breathed freely again.

A month after having rendered Mr. Manley this favor, Frank went to Mr. Manley in search of a favor. This favor was nothing more nor less than that Mr. Manley aid him in winning Lillian's hand in marriage. The proposition impressed Mr. Manley as being a reasonable one, and he straightway put it up to Lillian, who immediately discovered a thousand objections. Mr. Manley was insistent, however, partly because he had come to respect Frank's business acumen, and chiefly because he feared that if Lillian did not consent Frank would withdraw his loan. Lillian had not heard from Morgan in several weeks, and was beginning to think that he was tiring of his devotion. Her father pointed out that she was indebted to him for the favor of granting Morgan his release, and added that if she did not grant him this favor in all probability he would be ruined. At last, with many doubts and misgivings, Lillian consented to marry Frank, and her father carried the good news to that individual. Frank called, formally proposed, was accepted, and then his engagement to Lillian was announced, and the wedding-day fixed for just one month later.

In the third week of his engagement Frank was approached by Fred Rose, the bank messenger, who asked for a vacation. Frank was now the general manager of the bank, and all such applications were referred to him. Frank did not like the messenger, Rose, and curtly refused his application. Rose promptly replied that he would like to see Frank privately for a few minutes, and Frank, curious to know what the messenger was driving at, stepped into a private room with him. Once behind the closed door, the messenger came right to the point.

"Mr. Case," said he, "I want that vacation, and I want it right away. I'll come straight to business and tell you what will happen if I don't get the vacation. I saw you take the money that Mr. Green was accused of stealing, and I followed you to the end of the town and saw you bury it. I've got proof of what I say, and I know enough to queer you for life. Do I get the vacation?"

Morgan picked Lillian up in his arms and carried her out of the room.

"You can leave to-night," replied Frank, as he turned away with the resolution in his mind that he would discover some way while the messenger was away of ridding himself of him forever.

Rose had really seen Frank take the money, but for motives of his own had kept silent. His object in taking the high-handed stand he did when he asked for a vacation was that he had a little sister who was an invalid, and whose health demanded an immediate change of scene. Once he had obtained the desired permission, Rose took his sister, and by one of those queer quips of fate went with her to that very cattle-town where Morgan Green was staying.

On the third day after his arrival Rose's sister was propelling herself down the main street of the town in her wheel chair. There were no sidewalks, the roadway and the sidewalk being one. The point occupied by the little invalid was very narrow, and there was hardly room for two vehicles to pass each other. Suddenly she heard a thunderous noise approaching, and, glancing up hastily, saw a prairie schooner drawn by a pair of maddened horses bearing down on her. She gave a scream for help, but there was no one in sight. There was not room for her to get out of the way. With a little prayer in her throat, she closed her eyes and resigned herself to death. In another second she expected to feel the weight of the horses' iron-shod hoofs, but, all unknown to her, a man far down the

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road, who was riding horseback, had seen her peril and had charged to her rescue. Quickly matters resolved themselves into a race between the oncoming horses and the man on horseback. By a fraction of a minute the rider won the point on the road where the girl was and, leaning far out from his saddle, snatched her out of her chair and drew his horse safely against the wall of a near-by house. The runaway team plunged past, and the invalid fainted with excitement in the arms of her rescuer. Rose saw the incident. To say that he was grateful is to put it too mildly. He idolized his little sister, and when he learned that the rescuer was none other than Morgan Green he determined to at once tell him what he knew about the matter of the missing money. In the course of the long talk which followed Morgan learned that Frank was now engaged to marry Lillian, and that this very day was to see their marriage. On further inquiry he learned that three hours yet remained before the wedding would take place, and he decided to obtain a fast automobile and take Rose with him back to Mr. Manley's house and denounce Frank. After several escapes from farmer constables, who resented his violation of the speed laws, Morgan drew up at the Manley residence. Inquiring where Lillian was, Morgan pushed past the butler and into a room where she sat with Frank. With quick intuition Case realized what Morgan's presence meant, and he promptly ordered him from the house, using a vile and insulting epithet in doing so. This was just what Morgan wanted, and in a second he was at Frank's throat. For five minutes or more the men fought desperately, and at the end of that time Frank fell insensible on a couch. Then, like a knight of old, Morgan picked Lillian up in his arms and carried her out of the room. Later there were explanations all around, and when the full extent of Frank's perfidy was learned, Mr. Manley caused Frank's arrest, and then apologized to Morgan. Green then suggested that, since all the arrangements for a wedding had been made, the wedding go on, with himself in the position of groom. Everybody being agreeable to this suggestion, Lillian and Morgan were married, and once again true love prevailed.

THE MYSTERIOUS MR. TILLER

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(Bluebird Film)

SCENARIO BY ELLIOTT J. CLAWSON *PRODUCED BY RUPERT JULIAN*

By GEORGE W. ROGERS

Cast of Characters:

Prentice Tiller.....*Rupert Julian* *Clara Hawthorne*.....*Ruth Clifford*
Banning.....*Lloyd Whitlock* *Holcairn*.....*Wedgwood Nowell*

PEOPLE who knew Prentice Tiller were disposed to like him, but to despise him, too. They thought of him as a man who found life too easy; who took no pains, made no effort to make something of himself. He had a comfortable income; he did no work; he had no interest in life. He was without ambition. A delightful companion, he was, in a measure, a depressing one because of his idleness. But he was, certainly, a happy one. He had no secret, unsatisfied desire; no anxieties preyed upon his mind; carking care was a total stranger to him.

If his life was empty he did not seem to know it. He was entirely contented. He did not mind the half-laughing hints of his friends that he should do something to justify his existence; he took things as they came. If he was shut off from the deepest joys of life, he was equally barred from its keenest sorrows. If he was missing a great deal, he did not know it, and so was to be envied.

One night, after a dance, at which, as was his custom, he had enjoyed himself thoroughly despite the indifference of women, who sought men with more character, more distinction, he chose to walk home—and to walk through a lonely and unfamiliar part of the city. He had a way of prowling about at night; some thought that he gratified, thus vicariously, a longing for adventure. But if that were so, he had been doomed to many disappointments.

On this night, as he passed through Lester street, something did happen. He was passing an old house, and its quaint, old world charm made him stop to look at it, bathed in moonlight, as it was, with its red brick and the white trim of door, windows, steps, all softened by the faint radiance. And suddenly the door was flung open. A girl, lovely in a white evening dress, rushed out. She was followed by two hard-faced men and by another with the evil face of a weasel.

The girl rushed away; the third man, after a moment's hesitation, closed the door, then reconsidered his decision, opened it and went in, leaving the other two to go off in the direction opposite to that taken by the girl.

She had gone in the direction that Prentice Tiller was taking; he followed her, with scarcely a moment's hesitation. She had turned into a side street; Tiller, following her, soon overtook her. She flung him a startled look and ran on, but was checked by the discovery that she was in a blind alley ending in a high wall.

"Oh!" she cried, turning upon Tiller, panic in her eyes.

He bowed low, sweeping off his hat.

"Madam," he said, "I beg that you will not be alarmed. If I may be of any service, command me. I did not mean to follow you; the discovery of this wall surprised me as much as it did you!"

"I—I wonder if I can trust you?" she said, panting. "Those men—Banning — Rosario — and Mordant the one with the weasel face—oh, I'm afraid—afraid!"

"Certainly you may trust me," said Tiller, with his odd precision of speech. "May I offer you my escort, if you are at all afraid?"

"If you will!" she sighed. "I shall feel safe then."

He offered her his arm, and she took it with a pretty timidity.

"I have to go to a strange place," she said. "I can tell you very little, so if you cannot trust me——"

"Dear lady," he said, "I am at your service!"

Yet such faith as he had was shaken by what happened. It was to a slum that he escorted her. And there she left him to speak to a slouchy youth who had evidently been awaiting her. She talked with vigorous gestures, as to a servant, then returned to Tiller.

"You watched me!" she said accusingly. "I thought you treated me; but I ask a great deal. If there was some place where we might talk I could tell you something."

"If you will honor me," he said, "I know a place—unconventional, perhaps, but respectable where, even at this hour, we may talk."

He led her to a small restaurant of his acquaintance.

"My story is a strange one," she said. "I arrived from abroad only last night. I was to meet my fiancé, whom I have not seen for two years. But he did not meet me at the pier. Instead, the two men you saw, Banning and Rosario, came and took me to that old house in Lester street.

"There they explained to me that my fiancé had, in my absence, become involved with a revolutionary society, having as its object the bringing about of a social revolution by sabotage and violence of all sorts. He is an expert chemist; he was making explosives for them. I refused to wait when he did not appear; you came, and saved me, perhaps, from a violent effort at detention by your appearance."

Tiller looked at her. Incredulity was in his eyes. Yet, most emphatically, this was an adventure, and one well worth the telling in his club.

"Now will you take me to a hotel?" she asked. "And will you deliver this note for me?"

She handed him an envelope, addressed to Miss Jane Smith, at an address in another old-fashioned street. He bowed, escorted her, in a taxicab, to her hotel, and then set out to deliver the letter she had given him. But at that address only a man answered his ring, and that only after a long delay.

"I'm Miss Smith," he said, with a coarse laugh, when Tiller explained his errand. "Give me the letter."

He took it.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. He ran to a window, waving a handkerchief; then, without another look at Tiller, rushed from the house. Amazed, Tiller picked up the note and felt justified in reading it.

"O'Meara," it ran, "they know where you are. Don't waste any time. The solemn ass who hands you this is the only messenger I can find. I've fooled him completely."

Tiller, angry all the way through, stared at the note. Then there came a thunderous knocking at the door.

Holcairn fastened upon him first.

He looked out and saw the uniforms of policemen. He realized that he had no explanation of his presence to offer, and, following an age-old instinct, sought to make his escape through the back of the house. He could hear voices a short distance behind him.

"There's some one in there, Captain Holcairn," said a man.

"Get after him, then!"

But Tiller made good his escape, aided by men who helped him over the garden wall.

"Did O'Meara get away?" he asked mischievously.

But he got no answer, and, thoroughly mystified, went on. But he was destined to see O'Meara again. He spied him as he was about to enter a taxicab, and, securing another followed him. To his amazement, O'Meara stopped at the home of the Hawthorne family, one of the best

known and most reputable in the city. Shaking his head, after he had seen the man go in after dismissing his taxicab, Tiller went home. It was beyond him, he decided. But he had evidently been tricked—and he didn't like that.

Then he changed his mind about staying at home. Instead, he went to the office of the chief of police to report his adventure. There he heard that a reward of $5,000 had been offered for the arrest of Ramon Mordant. He remembered the mysterious girl's use of that name, who was wanted for the theft, in Paris, of twin necklaces, known as the Golconda necklaces, and which were supposed to have been smuggled into America. He made his report, and the chief showed him a note, warning him to look through the old house at which he had delivered the note to O'Meara. It was written in the hand of the girl who had tricked him.

The Face encountered them; threw up his hands.

The next night there was a reception and ball at the home of Ainsley Hawthorne. Prentice Tiller, eager to meet Clara Hawthorne, newly returned from abroad, was one of the guests; and in her he recognized the mysterious girl of his adventure of the previous night. She was not Ainsley Hawthorne's daughter, but a relative whom he had educated, and Tiller had heard of her beauty and her wit. Neither gave any sign of recognition.

Tiller was amazed to see that she was wearing a superb necklace, and that its mate was clasped about the throat of Senora Mont-Ferry, a woman from South America, who was one of the guests. This lady's escort, moreover, was Rosario—one of the strange actors in the affair of the previous night.

Holcairn, the detective who had nearly trapped Tiller, was present watching the jewels of the guests. He seemed to be suspicious of Tiller, and Tiller was greatly disturbed.

Then he spied Mordant—disguised, but still, to him, recognizable. Mystified, he determined to try to hear what he might, and he got behind a screen of palms in the conservatory and listened to a conversation between Rosario and Mordant.

"Tell those two women they ought not to show the jewels to-night," said Mordant. "I'm utterly puzzled, Rosario. The Face is at work again!"

"The Face? You mean the man who seems to know all our plans and to work for and against us as he pleases?"

"The same. He came to the Lester street house last night, and he threatens to be here to-night, so we must be careful."

Tiller, still mystified, waited; and he was in the conservatory when Senora Mont-Ferry screamed suddenly, and cried out that she had been robbed of her necklace. A moment later Clara Hawthorne, slipping up beside him, whispered in his ear.

"Trust me again, and let me trust you!" she said. "Take this and say nothing!"

She slipped something into his hand, and he in turn put it into his pocket, knowing, as he did so, that it was the missing necklace.

He knew a search would be made. Holcairn, indeed, fastened upon him first; and Tiller relieved him of the need of making a search by pulling the necklace from his pocket. As he did so he stared hard at Senora Mont-Ferry.

"No!" she stammered. "Those are not my jewels!"

"Well, there's something very fishy here!" declared Holcairn. "I'll take you to headquarters, anyway."

Had Tiller's friends seen what happened in the dressing-room they would have revised their impressions of his stupidity; for as Holcairn helped him with his coat he snatched a pair of handcuffs from the detective's pocket, snapped one on his wrist and the other to the iron support of a candelabra and made his escape.

Meanwhile Clara Hawthorne went to the chief of police.

"I'm probably suspected of being an accomplice of Mordant and his gang," she said. "Now I've got to confess. Here are my credentials from the United States Secret Service. I worked on this case abroad; to-night I thought I had the evidence in my hands that would convict Mordant and Rosario, but they eluded me. I think they were helped by a man called Prentice Tiller. I have been thinking he was a fool, as all his friends have thought, but I think now he is a clever scoundrel instead."

"Well," said the chief; "but I have been misled, I think, by you."

"I needed the reward!" she said. "That is my excuse! I wanted the credit of making the capture without help!"

The chief, it may be guessed, admired her frankness. He seemed to hesitate a moment between a frown and a smile. But the smile won, at last.

"Well, well," he said. "It's too bad you couldn't get away with it, young lady! But that's the way. You had to turn to us for help at last, and you had common sense enough to be frank about your need. You deserve credit for that, at any rate."

"What are we to do?" asked Clara. "I think the house in Lester street is the one that we must watch."

The chief agreed. Holcairn, released from the predicament in which Prentice Tiller had left him, was assigned to the case; the chief paid Clara the tribute of telling Holcairn that he was under her orders. She then accompanied the detectives, still dressed as they had been for the function at the Hawthorne home, to the strange house in Lester street.

"Let me go first," she said to Holcairn. "These men still think me their accomplice, as you did until you saw my credentials. I may be able to learn something valuable, and even to discover something about the man they speak of as the Face, who seems to be the secret head of the gang—or at least to have some extraordinary influence over them."

Holcairn agreed reluctantly. He was a self-important man, though capable enough; he disliked the idea of taking orders, or even suggestions, from a woman. But he had no choice in this instance, and Clara went in. She found Mordant at work superintending the work of two expert jewelers, who were busily engaged in changing the settings and appearance of certain stones. Rosario and Banning were there also; they frowned when they saw her; for some time she knew they had been suspicious of her.

"You must go!" said Mordant, turning to her. "They're on our heels; we've no time now to think of anything but escape. I——"

He stopped, and stared at a panel in the wall, which slid back to disclose the figure of a man Clara had never seen before, so far as she knew.

"The Face!" Rosario whispered to Banning.

The newcomer waved his hand.

"I must be alone with Mordant," he said. "Please go!"

Something compelling about the man made Clara waver, first, then obey. As for Rosario and Banning, they did not hesitate at all, and they did not linger. It was Clara who, recovering herself, led Holcairn and the others back, pistols in hands, to descend upon Mordant and the Face. The Face encountered them, threw up his hands, and then, in spite of the menace of the pistols, slipped through the panel in the wall.

It closed as bullets spattered upon it. All efforts to find the spring that controlled it were in vain. A burst of mocking laughter came through the wall; then all was silence.

Clara it was, again, who found Mordant, helpless, handcuffed, as Holcairn once had been, to a table leg too stout for him to move. But between his lips was a vial; a froth was on them. A convulsive shudder shook him, and he collapsed.

"Poison! He's killed himself!" said Holcairn.

"Look!" said Clara. "Here's a note!"

She read it.

"Don't let Mordant fool you. He's shamming if he seems to be dead. Try to revive him. A——"

Her voice broke at the signature.

"It's signed 'A Solemn Ass,'" she cried. She remembered her use of that epithet. And discouraged and depressed, her work accomplished, she went home. She found the Face awaiting her, and in a moment, by a curious shifting of his facial muscles, he revealed himself as Prentice Tiller, and told her that he was, like herself, a secret agent of the Department of Justice.

"Here is the evidence you need for Mordant's conviction," he said. "And now——"

Her smile, her flush, answered his unspoken question.

THE LAST OF THE NIGHT RIDERS

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(Bison Film)

SCENARIO BY KARL R. COOLIDGE *PRODUCED BY HENRY McRAE*

By FRANCIS W. DOUGHTY

Cast of Characters:

Bob Pritchard.....*Frank Lanning* *Jim Hoyle*.....*Leonard Clapham*
Ted.....*Fred Church* *Sue Hoyle*.....*Babe Sedgwick*

IT was a beautiful afternoon in November, in southern Kentucky, one of the pleasantest months of the year.

At the Dove's Nest, the home of the Hoyles, peace, plenty and happiness reigned supreme, and so far as Sue, aged nineteen, and her mother, a well-preserved woman of less than twice her daughter's age, knew it seemed likely to reign forever. So little do some men—perhaps they are the wise ones—permit their women folk to become disturbed by the troubles in which they, themselves, are enmeshed.

Outside the trees were still all aleaf and the roses blooming; birds sang as merrily as in the springtime; chickens, geese, ducks and turkeys were roaming about. There was ever a strutting peacock with his tail spread.

Sut sat under the tulip-tree, just bursting into full bloom, shelling late peas for dinner which her mother was cooking in an outside kitchen.

In the distance could be seen big barns and much live-stock, also the colored quarters with old mammies and piccaninnies galore. The men were at work on the plantation.

There was every evidence of wealth at the Dove's Nest, and the evidence spoke only the truth. Jim Hoyle was one of the richest independent tobacco growers in that region.

"Reckon as how thar won't be no one in to dinner this day, Sue," called her mother. "Don't believe it's any use shelling any more of them peas. Le's keep 'em over till to-morrow. No use in you working yourself to death, child."

"Oh, I'm taking it easy, ma," was the cheerful reply. "You haven't heard me kick. They'll be tough to-morrow."

"You never do kick, dear. I can use 'em in soup if they're tough."

"If you need my help in there, why, that's different. Otherwise, I may as well finish, I guess."

"No, I don't need you. The meat's almost done and so's the 'taters."

"I wish you wouldn't work so hard yourself, ma, when there's no need. With a round dozen colored women living on us it does seem——"

"Nonsense, child!" cried Mrs. Hoyle strenuously. "Haven't I told you again and again that I can't abide nigger cooking? As you say, one has to do something. I was brought up to work, and while there are so few of us—— Look, Sue! Some one coming!"

Sue's red cheeks grew still redder as she glanced down the broad, tree-lined avenue which led to the main highway, at which her mother smiled knowingly. Two well-mounted men were approaching. One was certainly fifty, while his companion, who strongly resembled him and was certainly a fine-looking fellow, could not have been over twenty-five.

Hoyle and the sheriff were glaring at each other when Ted interfered.

"It's the sheriff and Ted," continued Mrs. Hoyle. "I must call your father. Wonder what can have brought them here. Ted seems inclined to come a lot of late."

This was slyly said, and the mother's knowing smile broadened when Sue denied all knowledge of the matter.

"Father! Oh, father!" called Mrs. Hoyle through the open door. "Here come Bob Pritchard and Ted."

A tall man, much older than the wife, presently appeared in the doorway whose face wore a troubled expression.

"Dunno as I'm particularly anxious to listen to Bob's clock to-day," he drawled; "but since they are here, ma, you'll hev to invite them to dinner, allus providing thar's enough."

"Plenty! Plenty!" answered Mrs. Hoyle cheerfully. "Better finish them peas after all, Sue. Ted's particularly stuck on peas. Ez for his father, there wuz a time, pa, and that not so very long ago, when you considered Bob Pritchard your best friend."

"I know it," was the sour reply. "Times hev changed. We've had our differences; no matter what. Still, I've no intention of being other than civil to him; 'specially ez I know how glad Sue is to see Ted."

"Land sakes, pa! How you talk!" cried Sue, tossing her head. "One would think I was in love with the man."

"Dunno nothin' about that," laughed her mother; "but I do know that Ted is dead gone on you. There! There, child! What harm? Ted's a fine fellow, and you two hev known each other since you were children. I'll finish the peas; you go up and dress. Don't forget that there are plenty of flowers in the back garden. I'll send Hetty to you. After she has helped you to dress she can pick you a bunch. You may as well look your prettiest."

No objection on Sue's part, nor any attempt at reply. She could not have told herself whether or not she loved Ted Pritchard; but she did know that she was always glad to see him come to the Dove's Nest.

"Such a lively chap," she said. "Besides, he has been to New York and Chicago. It's a pleasure to hear him talk when one has never been able to get even to Louisville. Pa, perhaps you'll take me some day."

"Or Ted," suggested her mother, whereupon Sue ran away.

When she returned she found her father and the sheriff engaged in a hot discussion over the subject of Night Riders, for this was the time of the height of the long fight between the Union Tobacco Company and the independent growers. It had been going on for months. Hundreds of big warehouses with their stores of tobacco, worth thousands of dollars, had been burned by these masked men, whose secrets had been so well kept that they did not even know each other. No man trusted his neighbor, nor was he expected to.

Ted was right on the job. "They are at it again," he said to Sue. "You and I are not interested. Let's go up and look at the garden, little girl; I've something to say."

What? Sue felt that she could guess as they walked away. They could hear the sheriff thundering: "I tell you, Jim, the law must be enforced. Your redress and that of such as you lies with the courts. They have decided against you, after the waste of thousands of dollars on the part of the Independents. What are you fellows going to do about it? Waste more money in law? It's up to you."

"But what makes me mad," retorted Jim, "is to hear you, Bob, put me down as a Night Rider, when I have told you twenty times over that I am nothing of the sort. You used to believe me when I said a thing, Bob Pritchard. As it is, you might as well call me a liar and be done with it. Say, you know that just as well as I know it myself."

"Oh, I don't know. You put it too strong. Folks say you're one anyhow."

"Ef you was better posted you'd know that the Night Riders don't know each other. They meet masked. They do business masked, and break up masked, and there you are. The way you go on is enough to make a fellow join them. I've been solicited times enough."

"Father! Father!" interposed the wife. "You must not think of such a thing. I've told you that again and again."

"Oh, I reckon Jim don't hev to think of it," drawled the sheriff sarcastically.

"Stop it!" fairly yelled the master of the Dove's Nest. So loud was he that it all reached the ears of Sue and Ted.

"Run!" cried the girl. "I'm afraid they'll come to blows. I wouldn't have my father hurt yours, Ted; not for anything in the world. I'll give you my answer when you return."

Ted, seated in the old shack to which he had been lured, was covered with the man's revolver.

Answer to what? Had Ted, the bashful, ventured to propose?

Even so. He was wondering what the answer was to be. Did Sue know?

Oh, yes; she knew. She had come to understand her own heart at last. Ted would have run the faster could he have read her mind.

Hoyle and the sheriff were glancing at each other when Ted interfered.

Mrs. Hoyle was trying to soothe her husband. Ted took his father in hand.

But between the two the matter was patched up for the moment.

The answer Ted got later was the young man's reward. He and Sue were engaged!

Yet it was only a half-way peach. The sheriff left the Dove's Nest in anger, taking his son with him. At best Bob Pritchard was but a narrow-minded man. Well paid by the Union Tobacco Company on the quiet for his work, he could not get beyond the money end of it nor begin to comprehend the ruin the Tobacco Trust was bringing upon so many.

The one who suffered most from this quarrel was poor Mrs. Hoyle. A kind-hearted, nervous woman, she could see only trouble ahead when her husband announced his intention of joining the Night Riders.

"Might as well have the game as the name," declared Jim. "If Bob Pritchard won't believe me, who will?"

Whether he did it or not his wife did not learn. She took to her bed and became very ill. Poor Sue had her hands full.

Days passed. Mrs. Hoyle grew worse instead of better. The raids of the Night Riders were on the in-

crease. Several Union warehouses with their stores of tobacco were destroyed. Meanwhile Sue had neither seen nor heard from Ted. It was a case of intercepted letters. The sheriff had learned the situation; he was resolved to break the thing up.

Of course, such methods merely worked in the opposite way to which they were intended. The time came when Ted broke loose and headed for the Dove's Nest. He sounded a private signal for Sue, and she came to him.

"I suppose you thought I'd forgotten all about you!" said Ted, after he had explained his absence.

"I love you—I trust you," was the girl's quiet reply. "We are in trouble here, Ted, and—— But we can talk no more! Look!"

There stood her father, who had stepped out from behind a tree.

"You can't call me a spy," he said dryly. "Here I am in plain sight. I have seen all and heard all. This must not be. Go, Ted! Sue, I will talk with you later. The son of a man who grossly insulted me can never be my daughter's husband—that's one sure thing!"

Ted thought it wisest to go. Sue accompanied her father to the house in silence. Unknown to both, there had been a spy watching, after all. Behind another tree lurked Orrin Black, an idle, worthless fellow, who had pestered Sue with his attentions more or less for the past two years.

"So!" he muttered as he watched Ted's departure. "You think you've got her, Ted Pritchard! Don't you fool yourself, I'll get there yet!"

Sheriff Bob was a worker, and no man's fool.

Next night found him in disguise spying on a group of masked Night Riders, whose movements he had been observing. Black was one of them. He was certain that he recognized Jim Hoyle in another. "To-morrow night at the 'Box,'" he heard one say.

This was a certain blind canyon back in the Blue Ridge Mountains. The sheriff knew it well. He felt that his time had come.

"I've got all to-morrow to work in," he told himself. "Let them wait and see. I think my chance has come to break up this evil business forever. Let them wait and see!"

Next day the sheriff collected his deputies; the following night he was on the job. The Night Riders were cornered in "The Box." Get out, they couldn't, without falling into the sheriff's clutches. Patiently Pritchard waited. He thought he had won, and so he had.

But Ted was not with his father. Sue sent for him.

"Oh, Ted, father is away and I fear mother is dying," said the girl. "She has never recovered from the effects of that quarrel. Do you think you could find father and let him know?"

"I can try," answered Ted, "but if I am going to, you must answer me one question, Sue."

"I sure will, if I can. What it is?"

"Has your father joined the Night Riders?"

"I don't know, but I think he has."

"Then I am sure I know where I can put my finger on him. Trust me, Sue. I'll be off now."

He was followed as he went by the spy. Black listened outside.

Ted went straight to his father. "Oh, dad!" he said. "Mrs. Hoyle is dying. Can't you let up on her husband and get him out of that? Do it, dad, for my sake!"

"Go in and see what you can do," answered Bob Pritchard.

Ted got into the "Box" and sent Jim Hoyle out. Bob, for old time's sake, changed hats and coats with the master of the Dove's Nest, and even pinned his sheriff's star on his vest lapel, but, to the father's concern, Ted did not return.

Jim could not tell where he was. Orrin Black, however, could have told.

At that very moment Ted, seated in the old shack to which he had been lured, was covered with the man's revolver.

"Listen!" said Black. "See this package? It carries the bomb intended for Beasley's Tobacco Warehouse. It will be used right here instead. No more Ted Pritchard! Sue Hoyle will be mine, and don't you forget it. Good-night, boy! Say your prayers if you care to, for die you shall within the next five minutes!"

And so everybody believed. When from the ruins of the shack was taken a corpse, mangled beyond recognition, Bob, dashing to Jim's house, accused him of being the death of his son through joining the Night Riders.

Heart-broken, Jim silently motions for his old friend to enter. "It will kill my poor wife, if she is not already dead!" he groaned.

Dead! Not a bit of it! There sat Mrs. Hoyle, bolstered up in bed, with Ted and Sue beside her.

"Wha—what!" gasped the sheriff. "Then it wasn't you——"

"Wasn't me what?" demanded Ted.

"Townsley's old shack blew up. There was a corpse. We thought——"

"That it was me? Must be Orrin Black. He got me in there. I gave him the licking of his life. One less Night Rider, dad! Oh, no! I'm no corpse—at least, not yet!"

The affair had its effect. Shortly after a compromise was effected between the Union and the Independents.

In that section of Kentucky it was the last of the Night Riders.

WHITE RAT CAUSES TROUBLE

A WHITE rat caused considerable delay in the making of a comedy at the William Fox Studios in Hollywood, Cal., recently. The rat had been rented for a scene in one of the laugh-makers Hank Mann is making.

The rat took a sudden desire to see more of life in a motion picture studio, so he scurried off the stage to the girl's dressing-room. His presence was announced by one shriek after another. Soon the entire building was in an uproar. The girls rushed out in all stages of undress.

While the disturbance was quieting down, Hank Mann was seen in a corner looking if he were sick.

"What's the matter, Hank? That rat didn't scare you?" he was asked.

Hank slowly struggled to an upright position and replied:

"No. But if I had only had a camera fixed on that bunch of shrieking dames, I could have made the best comedy of my life."

ANOTHER KID JOINS THE PARTY

RECENTLY the MOVING PICTURE STORIES issued a "Kid Number," and Burwell Hamrick, who plays the boy in "The Little Pirate" with Zoe Rae, was left out. Here's the letter he wrote about it:

DEAR SIR: I am one of the stock "kids" at Universal City; have been for more than a year now, though you probably don't know it. I am writing you just to relieve my mind of something that hurts.

When you were a kid, did you ever get "left out" when there was a party for the other kids down on your street? You probably remember how you felt if you didn't get a bid.

Your magazine, MOVING PICTURE STORIES, has published a "Kid Number," and I wasn't at the party. This hurts, because I have worked nearly every day for more than a year for Universal, never having worked for any one else, and some of the kids work for all the other companies and only once in a while for Universal.

Of course, because my name has never been used on the screen, you probably don't know what work I have done, so I am going to just name a few of the pictures, some of which have not yet been released:

Burwell Hamrick.

I was *Chick* in "Romance of Billy-Goat Hill," by Mr. Reynolds.

Bobbie in "Red Roses," by Mr. Ryder.

Was *Mr. Holubar*, when young, in "The Taint of Fear."

Was the kid that did the picture stunt in "Polly, Put the Kettle On."

Jimmie in "How Jimmie Straightened Out," by Miss Baldwin.

Was *Mrs. Smalley's son* in "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle."

John Ermine, when young, by Mr. Ford.

Had parts, not just atmosphere, in "The Wishing Slippers," "Circus of Life," "Love Is King," "Too Much Ink," "On the Owl," and about one hundred smaller bits in a great many other pictures.

I thought probably you just wasn't acquainted with one of our great, big family, that's why I'm writing; also, I'm sending you one of my pictures, and I hope I will be invited to the next party.

BURWELL FILSON HAMRICK.

P. S.—I forgot to say I just finished working opposite Lena Baskette in her last picture, and Mr. Stedman says I did "wonderful work." Those are his words.

PLAY BOOK HEROES

By HAROLD LOCKWOOD

FOR many months I have been playing "book heroes"—characters well known to the public through works of famous fiction before they were brought to the screen. Fred J. Balshofer, president and general manager of the Metro-Yorke company, with which I am associated, recently asked me, "How do you like these book heroes as far as you've gone?" And my answer, which came from the heart, was "I only hope I shall have to do them for a long while to come."

There is a great deal of satisfaction in playing a strong, well-balanced character which is already known through the medium of literature. For one thing, there is a certain dignity about it. That a story has already been accepted by a prominent publisher, reviewed in representative periodicals, and reached such a point of popularity that a motion picture firm wants to present it anew to the public by means of the screen, is proof positive that it has pleased many, and will in all probability please many more.

I like to feel, when I am preparing to portray a character known to the world of fiction-readers, that I am collaborating with the author. He has projected his thought into the imagination; it is my province and my very great privilege to bring it before the eye. In other words, I crystallize and project his thought, making it a tangible thing. Sometimes, I must confess, I am rather appalled at the responsibility of my task. But there is always a certain health—a wholesomeness—about translating thought in terms of action, and the real work before the camera dispels any fears that I may have. Then, too, there is a genuine joy about doing "teamwork"—about doing the best that is in you, knowing that the other member of the team is putting forth his best efforts as well.

I always have a certain feeling of camaraderie with the unseen author whose book I am helping to prepare for the screen. I always feel like shaking him by the hand and saying, "Old fellow, congratulations on a fine piece of work; I only hope I shall do as well with my share of it."

To those who have not read the book, the story itself, of course, is of primary interest. It must appeal for its own sake—the characters absolutely on their own merits, without any background already in the minds of the spectators.

When I watch some picture in which I have played in a picturized novel, mingle with the crowd and hear some one say, "Oh, I liked that so much; I'm going right now to buy the book," I feel that my efforts have not been in vain, and that I have accomplished my purpose, which was to collaborate with the author and complement his work.

DAREDEVIL MARIE

By MARJORIE HOWARD

OF all the fine qualities which the human race possesses, courage is the one which wins readiest recognition. We had such a terrific time adapting ourselves to the dangers and difficulties of existence, in the days when we were just emerging from the monkey stage, that our admiration of fearlessness was pretty well ingrained at a very early date in the history of the biped—man.

However, don't let's get into a discussion of the origin of species or anything to make our foreheads ache, with the season just opening, the picture theaters booming, and the Universal getting ready to launch a new serial.

The only connection which the foregoing has with this fact, is that Marie Walcamp is the heroine of the new serial, and as she is without doubt one of the most daring and recklessly courageous human beings in the world, the announcement that she will be the star of "The Red Ace" should bring a lot of joy with it.

I have always wanted to meet a daredevil, especially the female of the species, who in this case is certainly more daring than the male. It seems perfectly natural, somehow, for a man to expose himself to dangers, to get into tight places, and do stunts under fire. I can imagine that sort of a chap very well indeed. Thank goodness, the world is full of them. But I just can't imagine the type of woman who is willing deliberately to imperil her beauty, to say nothing of her life, so that the fans can say, "Gee!" and

"Golly, what nerve!" and those other inelegant but expressive things which come to our lips when the stunt-pullers perform on the screen. That is, I could not imagine this type until I met Miss Walcamp. But, now, here's a secret. They are not one bit different to look at, or to talk to, from any other sort of girl! Or, at least, *she* isn't. She is very considerably above the average in her possession of good-looks, but that is the only thing that is extraordinary about her, off the screen. I had lunch with her, and I know. Of course you want to know what she looked like. Well, that day she had on a black, tailor-made suit. It was very tailor-made, indeed, with a short, narrow skirt, with pockets in the front, in which she really carries her change and keys. The coat was mannish in cut, and opened over a double-breasted waistcoat, which was buttoned up over a striped silk skirt, with a turn-up-and-down collar, and a black tie with a pearl fleur-de-lis in it. She wore, on top of this masculine equipment, a perfectly feminine hat, wide and slightly turned down in the brim, and trimmed with three little black ribbon bows and a wreath of burnt ostrich. She wore white gloves and perfectly plain, black pumps with white spats over them. On one finger was a huge ring, like a golden bird with a green stone in it. Under the big hat was a charming face, with big, gray eyes set wide apart, and a wonderful complexion which needed no powder, and did not get it.

"I never do anything to my face," she said. "I can't be bothered!"

When she took off the hat, I had a surprise. Her golden hair was cut short and brushed straight back like a man's.

"I've just had it done," she explained. "It is such a good idea for the serial; don't you think so? There is a lot of water-stuff, you know, and I don't have to worry about how it looks all the time. But it's a surprise, and so please don't tell about it till the serial is announced, will you?"

"So I have kept it dark till now.

"I am longing to be back at work," she went on. "Yes, New York is lovely for a vacation, and I'm having a good time; but, you know, I never really enjoy myself to the fullest extent unless I'm on a horse. I'm ordering something new in the way of riding clothes while I'm here. My work in the serial is evenly divided between riding and swimming, and I want something different from anything I've ever had before.

"You see, my work has thrown me so much with men. Mr. Jaccard says I'm too masculine. 'For heaven's sake, don't forget you're a woman, *sometimes*,' he says. He is a wonderfully inspiring director. He understands me, and I'm willing to work my head off for him. I'll do anything. I've never had a double in my life. The only thing I ask is, when I start working on a serial, that I won't be asked to stop in the middle and wait. I can't let down, once I get going. I can't sit still and talk about things. I suppose that is the way my nerves, if I have any, revenge themselves. Once I get started I've got to keep going."

It was unfortunate for Miss Walcamp that she was so seriously hurt in the fourth episode of the serial that she had to be out of the cast for two weeks.

It is impossible to describe all the reckless things she does as *Virginia Dixon*.

"One stunt I want to try," she said, "is the Russian drag, as they call it. I learned it from the cowboys. I've seen men do it on the screen, but never women. It's really quite easy when you know how.

"I shall be delighted to return to Universal City," she declared, and then she smiled. "When I left it, we were all in tears. It was the last episode of 'Liberty,' and Henry McRae—my director for so long in Bisons—was finishing the very last scene, in the ballroom at Washington. He told the orchestra to play 'So Long, Marie,' and as I was not expecting it, I began to cry. Then he made a speech, and he began to cry and we all cried. You never saw such a wet scene in your life!"

Since our conversation she has broken her arm and had it mended again, and made many exciting scenes for the serial.

A VARIED CAREER

EVERY now and then it so happens that Joseph De Grasse finds himself unable to secure the most suitable actor he needs for a production, and as a result he dons grease paint and costume and plays the rôle himself. This occurred in the casting of his current Bluebird production, "Triumph," in which he plays the part of a stage director, supporting Dorothy Phillips.

However, acting either before the camera or on the legitimate stage is nothing new to De Grasse, as he has been appearing either on the stage or in motion pictures since the early eighties.

De Grasse is a native of France, and was educated in New York City. Since he left college he has been an actor and a producer of classic dramas. For an extended period he played in Shakespearean rôles, and at one time headed his own company, touring the United States with both artistic and financial success. He went into pictures in 1909, and since that time he has devoted himself exclusively to the cinema art. To-day De Grasse is rated as one of the very best producers of photoplays in the picture world.

He and his wife, who is known professionally as Ida May Park, have alternated in directing the Bluebird star, Dorothy Phillips, and to De Grasse is credited the wonderful success of "Hell Morgan's Girl." Many of the best Bluebirds were made under his watchful eye, and now his wife, who previously wrote his stories, is making an equal name for herself as a producer, while he has assumed direction of Franklyn Farnum, who is starring in comedy-dramas.

AIRPLANE STUNTS IN PLAY

A REAL aviator appears with Herbert Rawlinson in the Bluebird, "Flirting with Death." This is Ed Unger, and the picture shows him trying to induce his own daughter to be a little less demonstrative in her attentions to the Bluebird star. Ardell, that is the baby's name, is quite as much of a celebrity as her dad, in her own way. Her specialty is winning blue ribbons at "Better Baby Contests." She took the highest honors two years ago at the Fresno County Fair and in Riverside. The zenith of her honors came with the award of the blue ribbon at the Panama-Pacific Exhibition. She is a great favorite with Rawlinson, and never fails to be near him when given an opportunity to do so.

"Flirting with Death" is all about airplanes, and some astonishing flights are performed by Unger. Not least among the thrills is a parachute fall which Rawlinson makes from Unger's plane, flying at a great altitude.

Unger's little daughter is a fan.

This puts a real punch in a picture which gives a fine opportunity to the chief players, Herbert Rawlinson and Brownie Vernon.

FAMOUS IN ONE YEAR

BESSIE LOVE, an eighteen-year-old girl, weighing just one hundred pounds, has in a little over a year developed from a naive little pupil of the classroom into one of the most popular of the Triangle stars.

Fate, she declares, directed her to the Triangle Studio that day when she was selected from a mob of extras to play a small part in "The Flying Torpedo." Since this was during a summer vacation, it was not difficult for Bessie to overcome parental prejudices. In fact, her mother never uttered a dissenting word; but when school reopened and Bessie continued at the studio, her father momentarily threatened to rob the screen of its coming star. His doubts as to her success, however, were immediately dispelled when she appeared in "The Aryan," "Acquitted" and "Hell-to-Pay Austin."

Miss Love originated in Midland, Texas, on September 10, 1898, but her parents soon changed her place of residence to Los Angeles, where she received her education in the public schools. She is still studying her books and music. Not long ago she astonished her friends by making her début in opera. The music critics of Los Angeles at once proclaimed her a "find" for the music world, just as she has proved a valuable discovery for the screen.

Like most residents of sunny California, Bessie revels in outdoor life. She is fond of all sports except fishing and hunting. Her aversion to these she explains simply: "I cannot get interested in killing things." This sympathy for animals may be inspired in a large part by her pet canary, who occupies a palatial wicker cage in the sun parlor of Bessie's Los Angeles home.

She enjoyed her work all the more in the filming of the new Triangle drama, "Polly Ann," because she was permitted to wear gingham and pigtails.

The little Triangle star, who must be so elaborately coiffed for her social activities and much of her screen work, has one lurking desire she can seldom fulfil. It is to have her hair in braids down to her back, real old-fashioned pigtails, tied at the ends with blue or pink hair-ribbons.

MISS MURDOCK LOSES A PET

The pathetic little incident in "Outcast" of the canary being found dead in its gilded cage was a really, truly happening at the Mirror studios, where the Empire All Star Corporation are filming their pictures. Ann Murdock, who is starring in the picture, brought her own pet canary to be used in the set. It may have been the heat, noise and general confusion of the studio that was too much for the fragile little songster. It was with real grief that Miss Murdock saw her poor little favorite lying on the bottom of his cage dead. Miss Murdock declares she will never again introduce any of her pets to the screen.

Joe Martin takes his daily walk.

JOE MARTIN'S POPULARITY

JOE MARTIN, the big orang-outang of the Universal zoo, is becoming so popular that he is almost as important in a cast as a "star." Joe has been receiving mail from his admirers for a long time, and letters come to the big ape from all parts of the country. Many of them are from children who refuse to believe that he is not a human being in disguise. Joe realizes perfectly that the letters are for him, and is delighted to receive them. He is so intelligent that there is good excuse for the children who think that he is a real actor.

The cut shows him taking his daily constitutional with Curly Stecker, of the zoo, his faithful friend. Joe has friends all over the lot, and loves to visit. His favorite among the players is Lena Baskette, the child actress and dancer. He was scheduled to appear with her in a picture the other day called "Amelita's Friend," which is part of a series of two-reel photoplays in which the little girl is being directed by Marshall Stedman. Joe was delighted, for he is perfectly aware that he is working, and his friends even declare that he knows the difference between a rehearsal and a real scene.

Joe has a part in the coming serial, "The Red Ace," which is being directed by Jacques Jaccard, and of which Marie Walcamp is the star. His appearances are so mysterious that his connection with the plot is still a secret, but he has already worked in many scenes. His directors all declare him to be the most tractable of actors and as gentle as a kitten. The list of his screen successes is a long and ever-growing one, but his head is not in the least turned by his success.

SHIPWRECKED IN EARNEST

IT is good news to hear that there will be more "Perils of the Secret Service." Another, called "The Master Spy," is scheduled for release very soon, and more are in preparation. The scene on the ship is an incident in the making of the tenth episode of the series, which came near having serious consequences for Claire Du Brey, who was playing opposite Kingsley Benedict in the story.

She couldn't swim, but she was willing to take a chance. If her director wanted her to be shipwrecked, shipwrecked she would be; it was all in the day's work. That was what Miss Du Brey answered when she was told that she had to be set adrift on a small life-raft outside the San Pedro harbor, where Director Jack Wells was filming the story. The waves were running too high outside the breakwater, and it was planned to stage the shipwreck just inside the harbor. However, every one forgot to reckon with the strong outgoing current, which soon whisked the little raft outside the breakwater. Miss Du Brey was at the mercy of the pounding waves, which broke right over her. Finally, after an hour's work, she was picked up, almost exhausted.

The illustration shows her lying on the *Otter's* deck with the members of the company working hard to resuscitate her.

Claire Du Brey being revived after thrilling experience.

DECLINE OF THE SEX PLAY

By A Scenario Editor

IN the brief history of the moving picture it is found that certain "styles" of plays are popular for a time, then the public tires of them and exhibitors, quick to note the change, no longer demand or show them.

It was thus with the "Chase" picture; then followed the "Indian," "Wild West," "Cowboy," "Underworld," and "Raffles" style of photoplays, and so it has been with the Sex, or Risque pictures.

At first, the sex picture, not too daring, was a novelty and attracted many who liked something new. Exhibitors found that sex pictures drew additional patrons to their houses and concluded that they were "sure things."

Certain exhibitors clamored for them and producers were besieged in person and by letter to "shoot the hot stuff along." Exchanges would pass everything else for the Risque photoplays and so producers found it profitable to cater to the demand.

During the height of the demand for sex pictures one program company had an excellent French historical production of the time of Napoleon—a veritable masterpiece, also a foreign picture depicting the amours of a young artist, pursued by seven women of different nationalities.

The French photoplay was all that could be desired in a picture—the other had nothing to recommend it but its title. But the latter sold in quantities while the "masterpiece" was shelved. Business is business!

While the Risque pictures were in the ascendent producers found it profitable to release them until there was a surfeit—an overabundance—and so the fever provided its own remedy; every one tired of them, for, after all, they all played one scene, as a rule, that was similar and that soon grew stale.

Many of the plays were really meritorious, aside from the one scene, but that, like the fly in the ointment, spoiled the whole for many—for it left but little to the imagination, and patrons who had enjoyed the picture until the jarring note was struck left the theater in disgust.

Many so-called "sex pictures" were harmless enough, the lure being in the suggestive titles and daring posters displayed. Special "still photos" were posed, purposely, from which the posters were made, designed to arouse curiosity, but the scenes posed had no relation to the action, which was harmless enough.

Exhibitors began to find that, while their houses might be crowded during the run of Risque pictures, it was very very apt to be empty when they were not shown.

To claim that the general public "clamors" for sex pictures is a mistake. To say that the public will "censor" objectionable pictures is, in a measure, true; but, as a rule, the public cannot judge a picture until they have seen it, and then the harm has been done.

Fathers and mothers who had unwittingly taken their children to see sex pictures were indignant and were not slow to voice their indignation.

Parents and guardians have been seen to hastily leave a picture house with children when the objectionable scenes were thrown on the screen. Some short-sighted house managers smiled at this and looked upon it as a "joke." But they knew better later.

The sex play is now almost a thing of the past.

To-day Risque pictures are a rarity; "they don't pay"; soon they will be as extinct as the chase picture—or the "Dodo." It is not likely that they will ever be revived.

While producers of these pictures were engineering a "Waterloo," other wiser and more far-seeing men were forging ahead on clean, wholesome productions and they are now reaping the harvest.

It needs no great discernment to ascertain the kind of photoplay the average spectator likes. It is not sex, nor preachment, nor propaganda, or the nude under the guise of "art."

Nor is the melodramatic or tragic so popular as formerly. The comedy-drama has the preference along with refined comedy. It is a question if slapstick will please much longer, although that is preferable to the salacious.

Writers who want to "play safe" will do well to follow the lead of the "Best Sellers" and a study of the screen to-day will show what they are. Comedy is in great demand and the writer who can supply it ought to be busy.

At the present time war pictures are being produced by almost all companies—but it is questioned if that is the best picture in a time like the present, when the war has come home to us all and when so many are being called away.

Clear-headed men in the business assert that pictures should be of an opposite nature; that the public has had a surfeit of war and war news in the last three years and that people would welcome pictures that would take their minds from the horrors of the conflict.

A survey of the current productions will show the writer that the sex picture has disappeared for good and will also show the nature of the photoplays that the public are demanding.

Vic. Moore and Geo. Cohan point the way in their delightful comedies; Mary Pickford in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"; Vivian Martin in "Little Miss Optimist"; Mae Marsh in "Polly of the Circus"; Geo. Beban in "Lost in Transit"; Marie Dressler in "The Scrub Lady"; Madge Kennedy in "Baby Mine," and Mary Miles Minter in "Charity Castle" are straws that show in which direction the moving picture wind is blowing.

Next week we tell "How to Know the Market."

THE ACTRESS ON THE COVER

ROSEMARY THEBY, who in the past was chiefly associated with comedy, has left the laugh-making to others for a while, and will devote herself to dramatic rôles.

Miss Theby at a very tender age came on from St. Louis to make her fame and fortune. She studied at the Sargent School of Acting for a year and took a special course of individual instruction with Mme. Alberti in pantomime. Then she started out to look for an engagement. There was one thing she lacked, and that was a press book full of clippings. No manager cared about asking her the second question after learning that she had had no experience. At the end of the third day she was so discouraged that she was willing to listen without protest to a friend who advised her to try the movies.

The friend took her to the Vitagraph Company, and from that very day her career commenced. Though very young, Miss Theby was extremely earnest in her work and her progress was rapid. She has appeared in films for many of the leading producing companies, and her series of comedies made with the cooperation of Harry Myers are remembered with pleasure.

Miss Theby is famous for wearing original and interesting gowns on the screen, and she is something of a character dancer, which accomplishment has also been very useful to her in her screen career. One of her rôles for Universal was that of a Hawaiian woman, in which she danced the first "Hula-hula" ever seen outside the islands. She is delighted to be returning to the Universal fold, and set out for the picture city with a huge wardrobe of new frocks, all of which will make their appearance in her pictures.

The Universal has not as yet decided who will direct Miss Theby, or who is to play opposite her, but it is certain that there will be very little time wasted in getting Rosemary right on the job. She is to be featured in five-reelers which top the Big Universal Program.

TOLD TO OUR NEWS GATHERER

Richard Bret Harte, grandson of the famous author, has just been added to the scenario staff of the Triangle Culver City studios.

Edna Goodrich, vivacious and brilliant young star, has indorsed the campaign against elaborate late suppers in the theatrical profession.

Though now scarcely ever seen in a light rôle, it is a fact that Fritzi Brunette, Selig player, began her career in pictures as a comedienne, and was eminently successful, too.

Kathleen Kirkham, the attention-riveting vamp of the American's "Masked Heart," as well as screen-world June bride, is back in Santa Barbara for a rôle in "The Calendar Girl," Juliette Day's third sun play.

John J. Hayes, formerly casting director at the David Horsley studio, has been selected by Milton H. Fahrney to play the leading juvenile part in forthcoming Cub Comedies with George Ovey.

Jay Belasco is working on his last two pictures for the Christie Comedy Company, at least for some time to come. In a few weeks Jay will be in a training camp "somewhere in America," and, as he says, "After that, who knows?"

In "The House In the Mist," the forthcoming Metro wonderplay in which Edith Storey will make her bow to Metro screen patrons, the favorite star will be seen as both *mother* and *daughter*, first in fascinating crinolines and powdered hair, and later in the mode of the present moment.

Pearl White fans have developed a fad for a ring like the one which puts Pearl in jeopardy in the serial, "The Fatal Ring." A novelty firm has produced a duplicate of the ring used in the play, and the real Pearl White fan is not quite up to the minute unless she wears one when she goes to see the picture.

Lorimer Johnston has finished the fifth of a series of five-reel comedy dramas, featuring Crane Wilbur and Juanita Hansen for release through Art Dramas.

Gail Kane, American Film star, is supported by George Periolat, Spottiswoode Aitken and Lewis J. Cody in her forthcoming production of "Wit," written by Dan F. Whitcomb.

Emmy Wehlen, one of the most delightful of Metro stars, will next be seen in the Metro wonderplay, "Nobody," a screen version of the novel of the same name by Louis Joseph Vance.

Varick Vanardy's "best seller" has gone into the "movie" under its original title, "The Girl by the Roadside." Pretty Violet Mersereau, star of Bluebird photoplays, plays "the girl" and Cecil Owen is the villain-hero of the occasion.

They call Grace Cunard's new home "Canary Cottage," both from the lady's hair and the number of canaries she keeps. Miss Cunard, who is being featured in five-reelers at the Universal, is particularly fond of the little yellow birds, and her parrot is like another one, for he imitates the canaries perfectly.

J. H. Gilmour, who has an important part in Pathé's "The Streets of Illusion," is renowned for his interpretation of "old man parts." He is a Canadian and made his first appearance on the stage in "Twelfth Night" with Adelaide Nilsson on the occasion of her first visit to the North American continent.

Film fans will be gratified to know that Lule — "Mother" — Warrenton, one of the best known character actresses in the screen world, has returned to the Universal fold after an absence of about a year. Mrs. Warrenton, who was associated with Universal for more than three years, has lately been producing children's photoplays exclusively.

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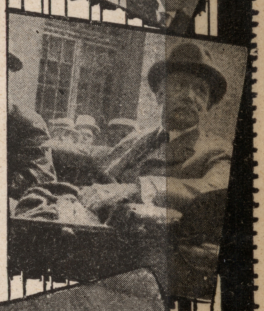

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